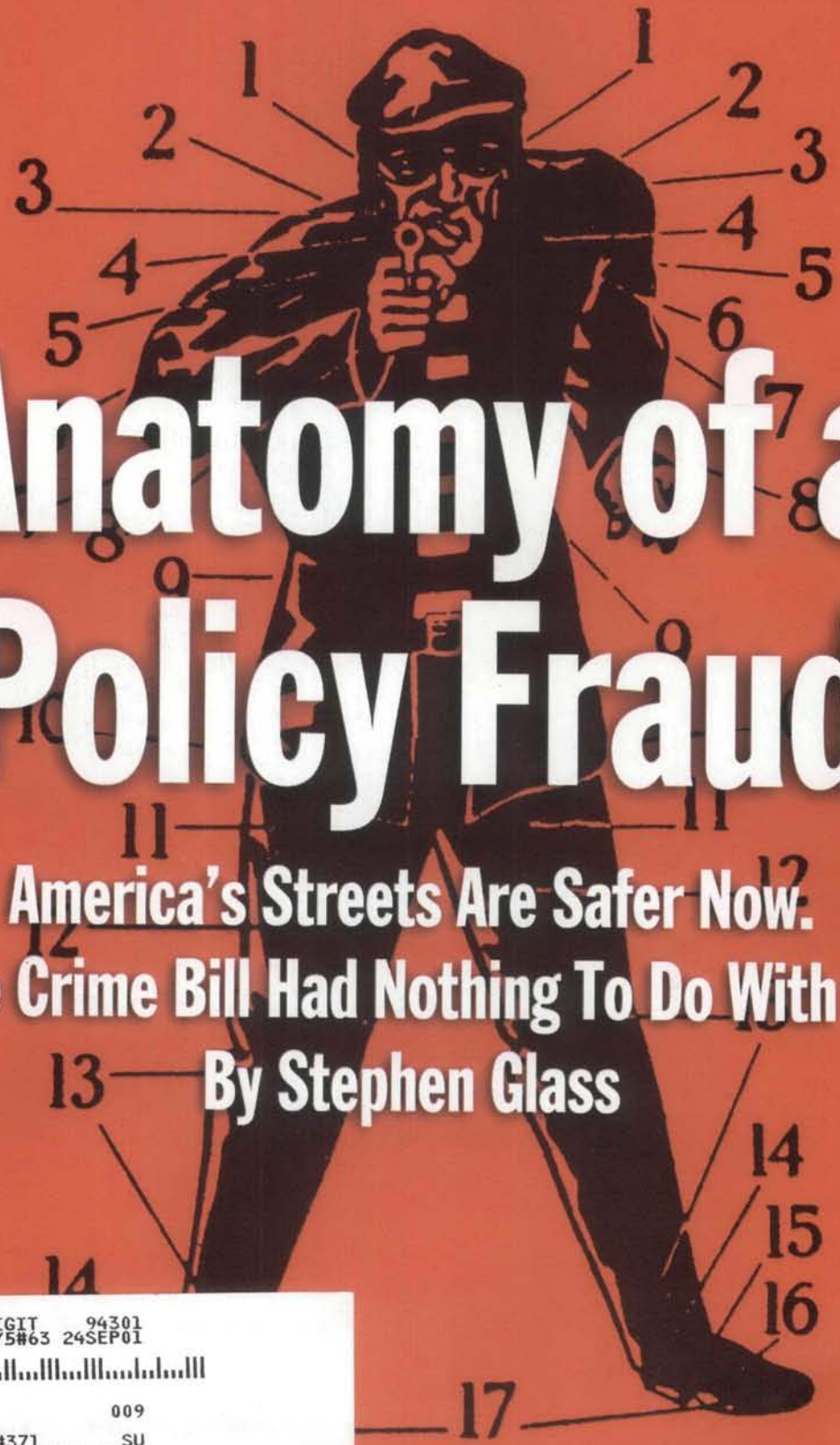
MARKET MADNESS!

JACOB HEILBRUNN: THE *NEW* NEW DEMOCRATS

NOVEMBER 17, 1997 • $3.50

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Margaret Talbot on the Baby-sitter Crisis • Martha C. Nussbaum on Disgust



Anatomy of a Policy Fraud

America's Streets Are Safer Now. The Crime Bill Had Nothing To Do With It.

By Stephen Glass

#BXBKDML***5-DIGIT 94301
#TNR0000068171/5#63 24SEP01

009

RON K UNZ
555 BRYANT ST #371 SU
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME OF THE FEATURES

that go into every

AMERICAN-BUILT TOYOTA

Here in the U.S., Toyota directly employs more than 20,000 people. In fact, more than half the Toyota vehicles sold in America are built by Americans in Kentucky, California - and soon in Indiana as well - with many parts and materials coming from U.S. suppliers. To people across America, and around the world, Toyota is more than just a source of local transport, it's a source of local pride.

TOYOTA People Drive Us

Visit our website at www.toyota.com/usa or write Toyota Motor Corporate Services, 9 W. 57th St., 4900-F5, New York, NY 10019 ©1997

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

NOVEMBER 17, 1997

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,322

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
CHARLES LANE
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Executive Editor
JONATHAN COHN
Senior Editors
PETER BEINART, JOHN B. JUDIS, HANNA ROSIN,
ANDREW SULLIVAN, MARGARET TALBOT,
JAMES WOOD
Legal Affairs
JEFFREY ROSEN
Managing Editor
DAVID GRANN
Assistant Managing Editor
SUSAN ELLINGWOOD
Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Poetry
MARK STRAND
Dance
MINDY ALOFF
Art
JED PERL
New Republic Online (Electronic Newsstand)
BRIAN HECHT
Contributing Editors
FOUAD AJAMI, ELIOT A. COHEN,
STANLEY CROUCH, JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN,
NATHAN GLAZER, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS,
MICHAEL KINSLEY, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER,
VINT LAWRENCE, MICHAEL LEWIS,
GLENN C. LOURY, DOUGLAS G. McGRATH,
LOUIS MENAND, DAVID RIEFF, ROGER ROSENBLATT,
MICHAEL J. SANDEL, MAGGIE SCARF,
ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL,
MICHAEL WALZER, JACOB WEISBERG,
SEAN WILENTZ, ALAN WOLFE,
C. VANN WOODWARD, ROBERT WRIGHT
Special Correspondent
ANNA HUSARSKA
Associate Editors
STEPHEN GLASS, JACOB HEILBRUNN, RUTH SHALIT
Design Consultant
ERIC BAKER
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE
Production Manager
HENRY RIGGS
Assistant Editor
JOSEPH LANDAU
Literary Assistant
ADAM KIRSCH
Staff Writer
JONATHAN CHAIT
Reporter-Researchers
KATHERINE PFLEGER,
MARK STRICHERZ, JASON ZENGERLE

President and Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Vice President
JAMES J. McCABE
Associate Publisher-Advertising
JENNIFER BARRETT
Associate Publisher-Circulation
JAMES J. SMITH
Controller
CHRISTINA R. BONIFER
Circulation Director
CECELIA M. STEPHENS
Marketing Manager
SHABNAM K. SHARMA
Advertising Manager
ASHLEY H. COOPER
Accounting Assistants
JACQUELYN M. McCULLOUGH
KIMBERLY BERNING
Circulation Assistant
HEATHER HARMON
Advertising Assistant
KATHLEEN WILEY
Back Issues and Reception
NI'MAT A. BILAL

Cover by Eric Baker for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 22.

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Doctors and deities, neocons and paleocons, &c.

6 **MARGARET TALBOT** TRB: THE PARENT TRAP The Clintons want to solve every family's child-care problem. But not every family has the same child-care problem.

7 **THE EDITORS** HALF NELSON The South African president's unseemly campaign to exonerate Muammar Qaddafi. NOTEBOOK The *Times* sucks up to Jiang, the *Post* wimps out on race, &c.

10 **PHILLIP WHITTEN** STRONG-ARM TACTIC China's athletes are breaking all the records—by breaking all the rules against doping.

12 **JONATHAN CHAIT** ON THE HILL: STUMP SPEECH Republicans have discovered the perfect way to stop global warming—chop down the forests.

13 **NATHAN GLAZER** THE HARD QUESTIONS: COMING AND GOING The moral stakes in the immigration debate.

14 **ERIC WESTERVELT** PHILADELPHIA POSTCARD: SISTERLY LOVE What you may not have read in the papers about the Million Woman March.

16 **IVAN ORANSKY** LOSING PATIENTS Managed care is giving doctors-in-training a new problem: nobody to practice on.

17 **ANDREW MORSE** PANIC ATTACK The Southeast Asian origins of Wall Street's wild week.

18 **IAN AYRES** BREAKING WINDOWS Why the Justice Department should go after the Microsoft monopoly.

20 **JACOB HEILBRUNN** THE NEW NEW DEMOCRATS The Democratic Leadership Council's centrist vision has become conventional wisdom. So why do its members still feel so embattled?

22 **STEPHEN GLASS** ANATOMY OF A POLICY FRAUD Bill Clinton would love to take credit for the nationwide drop in crime. Too bad his crime bill had nothing to do with it.

26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: INTRIGUERS *Beaumarchais, the Scoundrel* is stylish; *Gattaca* is only stylish.

27 **FRANK KERMODE** MILLIONS OF STRANGE SHADOWS *The Art of Shakespeare's Sonnets* by Helen Vendler

32 **MARTHA C. NUSSBAUM** FOUL PLAY *The Anatomy of Disgust* by William Ian Miller

38 **ROBERT BOYERS** BULLETS OF MILK *Toward the End of Time* by John Updike

42 **JOHN W. KRAKAUER** AS WE LAY DYING *The Measure of Our Days: New Beginnings at Life's End* by Jerome Groopman

44 **ROSS LECKIE** POEM *The Reunion*

46 **JONATHAN COHN** WASHINGTON DIARIST: HOME BASE

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 217, Number 20, Issue 4,322, November 17, 1997. (Printed in the U.S. on October 29, 1997.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 6 & 13, July 14 & 21, Aug. 11 & 18, and Sept. 8 & 15, 1997) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic Advertising Sales Office (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, $59.94; foreign, $99.94 (U.S. funds); Canada, $79.94 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling).

© 1997 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Periodicals postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax 202-331-0275. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: tnr@aol.com Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 37298, Boone, IA 50037-0298. For subscription problems call 1-800-827-1289.

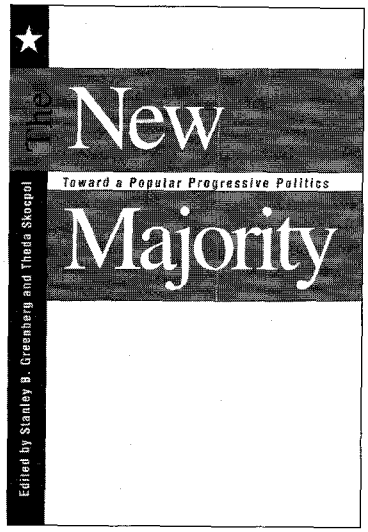
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Engaging and enlightening." —Robert B. Reich

The New Majority

Toward a Popular Progressive Politics

Edited by Stanley B. Greenberg and Theda Skocpol



In this provocative book such distinguished contributors as **Alan Brinkley, Jeff Faux, Michael J. Sandel, Paul Starr,** and **William Julius Wilson** argue that by embarking on a popular progressive course, the Democratic Party can become the moral voice—and practical partner—of all American families striving for a better life.

"**A tremendously interesting and useful book** that avoids simplistic answers but provides realistic reasons for renewal of the wearied spirits of progressives. For those in the trenches as for those in academia, this book will be like rain in a dry season." —Jonathan Kozol

Yale University Press
P.O. Box 209040 New Haven, CT 06520
www.yale.edu/yup/ 1-800-YUP-READ

Holocaust Journey
Travelling in Search of the Past
Martin Gilbert

"One by one the members of the group were touched by the desperate and unseen souls of the dead. Each town, village, and empty ghetto where once-vibrant communities of Jews jostled with their Polish neighbors was a testament to the Nazi achievement: a ravishment of six million souls."

"A travelogue, spanning two weeks, of the essential sites of the Holocaust, by the venerable historian and author.... [Martin Gilbert] guides one of his classes on an extraordinary field trip. ... He lectures at the most significant sights—of desecrated synagogues, book burnings, and gas chambers.... To these moving testaments Gilbert here adds the voices of his fellow travelers, both Jews and non-Jews, who draw closer as the trip progresses and they relive the terrible history.... **The very best book for any Jew, or any human being, planning the same soul-searching trip.**" —*Kirkus Reviews*

"**Recommended.**" —*Library Journal*

288 pages • 54 photos • 55 maps • $27.95, cloth

Columbia University Press
www.columbia.edu/cu/cup

CORRESPONDENCE

Insensitive sensitivity

To the editors:

I cannot follow Sherwin B. Nuland's reasoning in his essay "Doctors and Deities" (October 13). Under the rules of post-modernism, Western doctors must be guilty of something in their treatment of the Hmong child's epilepsy, but what?

If the doctors had shown more sensitivity to traditional Hmong beliefs, would the little girl not now be brain-dead? Maybe they should have shown more insensitivity and obtained a court order to ensure that she got a better dose of Western-hegemonic-straight-white-male medicine.

The fact—dare one use that word in these days of cultural relativism—is that epilepsy is a disease of the brain, not of the soul. We have every reason to admire the virtues of the Hmong people and their religion, but we do not have to act on their notions of pathology and therapeutics. A child's life was at stake.

EDWARD J. PRENNER
Forest Hills, New York

To the editors:

Unlike Sherwin B. Nuland, I am not deeply disturbed about the state of American medicine, at least with respect to its basis in science based on the saga of Lia Lee. What I do find deeply disturbing is that in this day and age and in this country, in which the diagnosis and treatment of epilepsy is among the most advanced in the world, Hmong superstitions and belief in magic led to her tragic vegetative state.

JOHN HANLEY
Los Angeles, California

Haiti revisited

To the editors:

Charles Lane impressively depicts the various traumas of the U.S.-U.N. intervention in Haiti ("Island of Disenchantment," September 29), and the need for a review of U.S. policy. That review should evaluate criminal justice without exaggerating Haiti's odds of success or the role of former President Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

Haiti has not had the "most violent society in the Americas." There is nothing comparable in Haiti to the genocide in the Southern Cone or the civil wars in Central America and Colombia. And the "traditional instruments of Carib-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bean politics" do not include the "necessity of violence in Haitian politics." The only sustained democracies in Latin American history are all in the Caribbean basin.

Haiti understandably needs the time and resources to properly train scientists, lawyers, and judges. The problem is that the Republicans that complain most about political murders are also most opposed to the United States being in Haiti in the first place and wanted the United States out of the country months ago.

One of the touted successes of the U.S.-U.N. mission has been the few U.S. casualties. In Haiti, Bosnia, and in most recent international rescue missions, the safety of foreign soldiers is more important than their taking the risks to arrest criminals. Apparently, the U.S. training of Haitian police and judges cannot get them to arrest criminals, let alone get them to prison via a fair trial.

HENRY F. CAREY
New York, New York

In the eye of the beholder

To the editors:

After making a mash of the neoconservative *First Things* debate last year with a laughably inaccurate article, Jacob Heilbrunn does it again with another laughably inaccurate article about the recent International Conservative Congress in Washington ("Con Games," October 20). I did not attend all the same panels that Mr. Heilbrunn attended, so I cannot comment on some of his remarks, but I can point out the following errors in his account of my own contributions:

David Frum and I did not engage in a "debate," but in a panel discussion of the "New Shapes of American Politics." The discussion revealed no substantial disagreement or confrontation between us. There also were two other participants on the panel whom Mr. Heilbrunn perhaps does not remember.

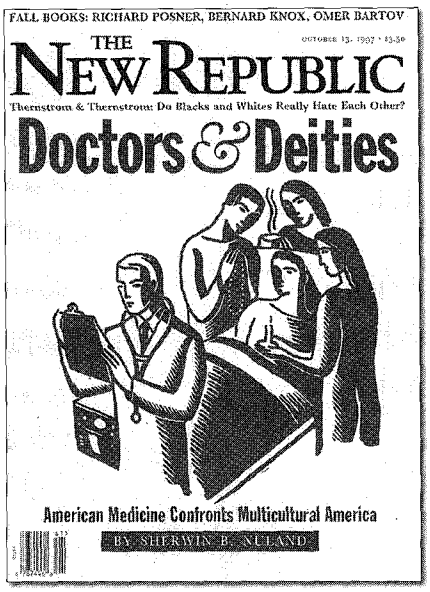
I am not aware that I was "sweating profusely," nor do I wear "horn-rimmed glasses." In fact, I wear wire-rimmed glasses. Nor do I have a crew cut.

Chronicles is not a "journal of confederate nostalgia," but rather a conservative magazine of national cultural and political commentary. Had Mr. Heilbrunn ever seen a copy of the magazine, even he could not have written his mischaracterization.

I do not know that I am a more "extreme" Buchanan supporter than any other, and I am perhaps less extreme than some. My argument in the panel discussion was that the "crisis of conservatism" is in fact due to the alienation of the middle class from the Republican Party, an alienation that resulted in a 20 percentage point drop in middle-income support for GOP presidential tickets between 1984 and 1996. I submit that this argument is rather more interesting than Mr. Heilbrunn's inexplicable preoccupation with my physical appearance.

William Kristol's question was not: "How can conservatives hate the government?" But rather "How can you love the nation if you hate the government?" Hence, it is not the former that I characterized as "a sentiment worthy of Leonid Brezhnev," but the latter, with its implicit assumption that there can be no distinction between state and nation.

When Mr. Heilbrunn complained to me that the others at the conference


FALL BOOKS: RICHARD POSNER, BERNARD KNOX, OMER BARTOV
THE
NEW REPUBLIC
Thernstrom & Thernstrom: Do Blacks and Whites Really Hate Each Other?
Doctors & Deities
American Medicine Confronts Multicultural America
BY SHERWIN B. NULAND

probably wouldn't let him eat dinner at their tables, out of kindness, I invited him to sit with Tom Fleming and me. With some patience, we tried to explain what was going on at the conference to the mystified Mr. Heilbrunn, but alas to no avail. The next time we will all be better off if he dines with the Brezhnevites, if they will have him.

SAMUEL FRANCIS
Alexandria, Virginia

Jacob Heilbrunn replies:

I'm sorry I reported that Samuel Francis wears horn-rimmed glasses.

Peas in a pod

To the editors:

In his review essay ("The Skin Trade," October 13), Judge Richard A. Posner says some sharply critical things about critical race theorists, including myself.

I wonder whether his position and ours are so far apart, after all. For example, Posner cites as one of our loony ideas the suggestion, made about 15 years ago in an article of mine titled "The Imperial Scholar," that white male civil-rights scholars step aside momentarily to allow talented newcomers of color, like Derrick Bell, to show their stuff. Posner found this outrageous.

But Posner himself suggested, around the same time, that society set up a market in babies, so that infants would end up in the homes of families who wanted them the most (as evidenced by willingness to pay). In the judge's scheme, preferences would be accommodated, the market optimized, babies would receive the most attentive care, and we would all be better off. Law-and-economics at its best.

But my suggestion taps the very same insight. Who has the strongest incentive, not to mention experiential base, to write civil rights scholarship if not minorities themselves? With scholars of color coining theories and strategies to end racial injustice, will not the market optimize itself just as in Posner's proposal that babies be bought and sold?

As luck would have it, the marketplace vindicated both of our suggestions. In the wake of my article, some of the white giants did step aside, and minority civil rights scholarship flourished. For its part, Posner's suggestion enjoyed a brief boom in the form of surrogate-motherhood clinics and laws. The baby-selling industry seems to be stalled now by a flood of litigation, but I am sure it will revive.

Too bad your illustrious author missed this connection between his work and mine—or did he? Toward the middle of his essay, he reports that he sat next to me at a conference and found me as pale as he, with features reminiscent of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain. They are not, but no matter. I find his lapse telling, even heartwarming: Could it be that on an unconscious level he realized that he and I are alike? Scholars searching for truth, trying to make sense of the world, and assure that babies end up in the best of hands. If so, his essay, critical as it might seem on the surface, is on a deeper level redolent of hope and the possibility of brotherhood in the realm of ideas.

RICHARD DELGADO
Boulder, Colorado

Safeguarding decency

To the editors:

As an old (in every sense of the word) sociologist, I was interested and gratified to read Glenn C. Loury's, "Comparative

continued on page 45

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

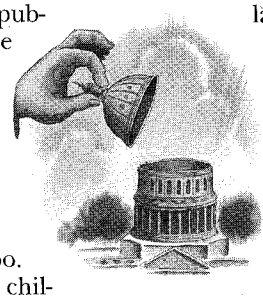
TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

The parent trap

For the mothers and fathers in the audience anyway, last week's White House child-care conference was something of a relief. Here were officials at the highest level of government talking their language, sharing their anxieties, and, well, feeling their pain. "People in this country have to be able to succeed at work and at home," said the president. "If they are worried sick about their children, they fail at work." We parents, the president said, should never have to fret about our children's welfare when we entrust them to someone else's care and head off to work. It was the kind of empathetic, what's-not-to-like message no working parent could resist.

And much the same could be said of the whole conference, a family-focused, consensus-oriented showcase for Hillary Clinton's first major foray into policy since the health-care debacle. Who—outside the dwindling minority of social conservatives who think no mother should ever work—could object to an event intended simply to underscore the need for decent, affordable child care? It was smart politics, certainly. As one House Republican staffer put it, "This is the kind of stuff that drives Republicans nuts. Here's a huge problem that affects zillions of people where the market has been a complete failure. What are Republicans supposed to say? That everything's hunky-dory with day care?"



It could be smart policy, too. With more parents of young children working than ever before, and with no European-style tradition of government-run nurseries and preschools, we're at something of a loss when it comes to new ideas for improving or expanding child care. Besides, problems with child care are as ubiquitous as the common cold, so there's plenty to discuss: everything from vague parental guilt to dire safety hazards; from undocumented nannies to underpaid preschool teachers. The sleekly dressed reporter who is talking on her cell phone all throughout the morning session of the conference—first to the office, then to the nanny, then to the office, again—has a child-care problem. She'll be home late tonight, her husband is on a business trip, and the nanny will have to stay after hours. The single mother Hillary Clinton cites at the start of the day has a child-care problem, too. As a clerical worker at the University of Maryland, she can barely afford the $5,000 a year it costs to send her four-year-old son to the university's child-care center, and she's worried that she'll have to go on welfare.

These problems are not equal, of course, but at the White House conference, few of the speakers bothered to make the distinction. On the contrary, most wanted to stress that child care was a dilemma for parents of all classes, a problem that, as Donna Shalala put it, "extends far beyond poor families." While that might be true, it is, in policy terms, misleading. It's good to call attention to child care. It's better to do so with a strong sense of what the government's priorities ought to be. One important means to that end is to sort out child-care problems by income level—to target child-care assistance more effectively to the working poor and to parents for whom welfare checks will soon be drying up and not to worry too much about the rest of us. But the Clinton child-care strategy seems destined to creep along under cover of its appeal to the middle classes. Hence the emphasis on brain research and the importance of reading to your child to stimulate his growing neurons, a message perfectly tailored to the very people, middle-class professionals mostly, who are already doing just that. It might sound democratic and ecumenical to imagine all working parents united by the struggle for decent child care. But, in reality, the child-care problems faced by the Dodge Caravan crowd just aren't the same as the problems faced by the scrambling-for-bus-fare poor.

Consider, for example, the availability of child-care centers—one of those woes that, according to most of the speakers at the White House, afflicts us all more or less equally. It is a predicament—but certainly not a universal one. It affects welfare mothers looking for work and in need of federal child-care subsidies that may not prove adequate. (According to an estimate by the Congressional Budget Office, the $20 billion set aside in the welfare reform bill for child-care subsidies

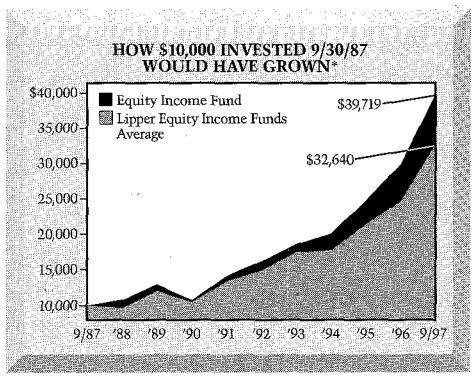
continued on page 45

100% NO LOAD

IMPRESSIVE PERFORMANCE FROM A CONSERVATIVE FUND

T. Rowe Price Equity Income Fund, one of our most conservative stock funds, has outperformed its Lipper Category Average. To seek substantial income and long-term capital growth with reduced risk, the fund invests in dividend-paying stocks of established companies.

Past performance cannot guarantee future results. Minimum investment is $2,500 ($1,000 for IRAs). **No sales charges.**



Call 24 hours for a free information kit including a prospectus

1-800-541-6157

Invest With Confidence

T.RowePrice

***33.02%, 19.78%,** and **14.79%** are the fund's average annual total returns for the 1-, 5-, and 10-year periods ended 9/30/97, respectively. Figures include changes in principal value, reinvested dividends, and capital gain distributions. Investment return and principal value will vary, and shares may be worth more or less at redemption than at original purchase. Read the prospectus carefully before investing. T. Rowe Price Investment Services, Inc., Distributor. EIF038958

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

NOVEMBER 17, 1997

HALF NELSON

During the last decade, as communism and apartheid and assorted other abominations were crumbling, there seemed to be a richness of moral leadership in the world, a sudden surfeit of men and women who owed their power to their insistence that politics must be regarded from the standpoint of morality. They were absolutists, and they were heroes, and they were right. First among equals in that company of honor was Nelson Mandela. But now the world is once again a gray place, the clarities have been usurped by the modalities and the instrumentalities, and one measure of that usurpation is the recent activity of Nelson Mandela.

Last week the president of South Africa made a visit to Libya. "My brother leader, my brother leader," Mandela exclaimed to Muammar Qaddafi, as he hugged and kissed him. "How nice to see you!" We squirmed to see a man whom we admire embrace a man whom we despise. A part of our discomfiture, to be sure, comes from the knowledge that while Mandela was locked up in Robben Island, the Western world looked away (or "constructively engaged"), but Qaddafi was among those who came to the aid of his African National Congress. So it is not hard to understand Mandela's feeling of indebtedness.

But the defense that he offered of his visit to Tripoli went beyond anything that reasonable people, who can appreciate the realities of moral conflict, can accept. For Mandela denied that there was any moral conflict at all. "Those who say I should not be here are without morals," he huffed. "I am not going to join them in their lack of morality." The critics of Qaddafi "without morals"? This—let us speak plainly—is disgusting, an example of moral absolutism at its worst. Is it really impossible for Mandela to grasp that he was helped in his good fight by a man who was helping others in their evil fights? Or is apartheid all he knows on earth and all he needs to know? What is so troubling about Mandela's outburst is its parochial and diminishing implication that his own experience is the measure of all things in the world.

But there's worse. Mandela was not speaking generally in Tripoli, and this was not just a social call. He came to have an effect on a matter of policy. In 1988, 270 people, 189 of them Americans, were killed when Pan Am Flight 103 was destroyed by a bomb over Lockerbie, Scotland. The Libyan intelligence officers who have been indicted for this atrocity by American and British authorities have been living, and sleeping soundly, in Libya, under Qaddafi's protection, ever since.

In 1992, the United Nations Security Council imposed sanctions on Libya for refusing to deliver the suspects to justice. Recently Qaddafi agreed to hand them over, but not to the United States or Great Britain, whose citizens were the victims of this terrorism and who are properly demanding a trial of the suspects in Scotland, the scene of the crime, or the U.S. Qaddafi maintains that his cowering little heroes will not get a fair trial in any of those countries—his concern for due process is legendary—and he is offering to surrender them only to the International Court of Justice in The Hague or to a third country. Mandela was in Tripoli to confer his prestige upon this demand.

Mandela, a lawyer himself, dresses up his favor to the brother leader in an agreeable legalism. "I have never thought that in dealing with this question that it is correct for any particular country to be the complainant, the prosecutor, and the judge at the same time," he says. But as Mandela knows, or should know, no "country" is going to play all three roles. In Britain, as in the United States, there is an independent judiciary. The guilt or innocence of the accused will be decided by a jury, selected in part by the defense.

Thus, the Mandela-Qaddafi compromise—the removal of the trial—is a sham. The adversarial setting of an Anglo-American courtroom is actually the fairest possible setting for the Libyan defendants to make their case, which may include the contention that Iran, not Libya, was the real author of the attack. It wouldn't even be satisfactory, as some have proposed, to hold a kind of makeshift trial in The Hague under Scottish rules: as long as the court is not experienced in the exercise of those rules, and as long as there is no clear line between the trial court and a system of appellate courts above, the case would be hopelessly compromised.

Yet we are delighted to declare that our disillusionment in this affair stops at our own government. It hasn't been easy diplomatically, but the Clinton administration is right in its firm resistance to Mandela-Qaddafi. (What a revolting conjunction!) And the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

administration is also right to shore up the resolve of the Blair government in Britain, which at first seemed swayed by Qaddafi's overtures. Yes, it is frustrating that the alleged perpetrators remain untried; but this is a case of state-sponsored terrorism, so the sponsoring state must be held accountable, too. Using Mandela as a front man is a sign of how desperate Qaddafi is to rid himself of the sanctions. This is a happy sign that the sanctions are working. Giving them more time to work is the only way to ensure that justice delayed will not be justice denied. We'll take the morality and do without the heroes. •

NOTEBOOK

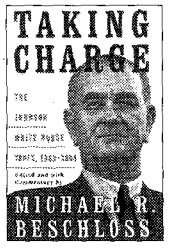
A WILD AND CRAZY GUY: The color that *The New York Times* introduced to its front page a few weeks ago was supposed to pertain to pictures, but it has leaked into the prose. Consider last week's front-page profile of President Jiang Zemin of China by Seth Faison, the paper's man in Beijing. In this profile we learn that the Chinese president has a "wacky side." He knows the English lyrics to "Love Me Tender" and "Swanee River," and the latter is "his favorite tune." He is not really "stiff and awkward." He "likes to play piano" and to "recite sections of the Gettysburg Address and Declaration of Independence in English." Walter Duranty lives! It would really be news if Jiang applied the principles in those documents to his own country. But, then, why should the hipper and hipper *New York Times* not take part in the general American swoon over the visiting leader of the world's largest authoritarianism? The corporations of America have lost all sense of the American national interest; or they have identified that interest with their own spreadsheets. Representatives of Westinghouse and ABB Combustion Engineering have blanketed Capitol Hill with their assertion that, as a consequence of the American qualm about human rights, we have lost $16 billion in business. We have? Needless to say, the Clinton administration, which has done so much to encourage American corporations to think this way, denies that its China policy is all about money. It insists that we cannot disengage from China, that we must not choose between "containment" and "isolation." But who, precisely, favors disengagement? *Of course* we must not choose between containment and isolation. But we are the United States, not Westinghouse and ABB Combustion Engineering, we have values that require us to stand up for human rights, and we have interests that require us to respond firmly to China's attempt to make itself into a military power of the sort that could alter the strategic balance of Asia to our detriment. The administration is supported in its policy by a hoarse and fancy chorus of "realists," the leading voice of which belongs to the consultant and master-thinker Henry Kissinger. Last week he told a television interviewer that "I agree with the policy that is now being conducted. I think it is essential in the national interest of the United States and for peace and stability in Asia. It will also contribute to human rights, but that is not its only reason." (Lest anyone mistake Henry Kissinger for a wet.) Meanwhile, the administration trumpeted China's promise to stop selling nuclear and weapons materials to Iran. *They promised.* And so we will reward them with the nuclear power plants that they ardently desire, and that American business aches to peddle. What's "realistic" about that? It strikes us as world-historically wacky.

PHOTO FINISH: On October 26, *Washington Post* ombudsman Geneva Overholser castigated her own paper for putting an unflattering photograph of Kyisha Whittico, a 15-year-old black girl, on the front page. Whittico is shown sucking her thumb and staring at a television set as she cradles one of her two children. The picture, Overholser argued in a column titled "Readers Deprived of a Reward," should have appeared, it just shouldn't have run on page one. Why not? According to Overholser, some readers complained that it "plays into the most virulently persistent narrow-minded notions: That the face of welfare is black and female." Inside the *Post*'s racially fraught newsroom, Overholser added, some staffers "called the photo—and some, the story as well—outrageous.... A photo we'd never have run of a 15-year-old white girl (even though we know the majority of welfare recipients are white)." Others, apparently fearing that editors would sugarcoat the paper's future coverage of welfare reform in deference to accusations of racism from readers and staffers, "expressed a fear that racial tensions have made the *Post* craven." "[T]he truth," Overholser declared, "lies somewhere in the middle," and, therefore, "[d]eciding not to put that picture where we did would have better served the truth." Huh? Actually, Overholser's own assertion that "the majority of welfare recipients are white" is not true. According to the latest figures from the Department of Health and Human Services, 37.4 percent—a plurality, not a majority—of the people who received Aid to Families with Dependent Children in 1994 were white, and 36.4 percent of AFDC recipients were black. Considering that the population of the United States is 75 percent white and twelve percent black, it is, alas, accurate journalism to depict welfare dependency as a problem that disproportionately affects African American families. As Overholser should have had the courage to acknowledge, "the truth" is best served when newspapers report, in prominent pictures as well as words, the unvarnished facts about welfare, no matter who might be offended by them.

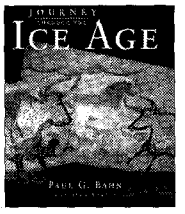
HOME NEWS: We are happy to announce the publication of two new works by members of the TNR family: Jean Bethke Elshtain's *Real Politics: At the Center of Everyday Life*, published by The Johns Hopkins University Press, and Margaret Talbot's May 1996 article on Martha Stewart, "Les Très Riches Heures de Martha Stewart," which was included in the *The Anchor Essay Annual: The Best of 1997.* •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

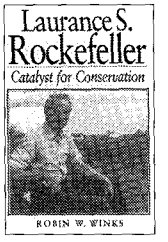
Understand.



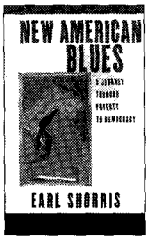
Taking Charge
by Michael R. Beschloss
Lyndon Johnson's White House tapes—recorded from private Oval Office telephone conversations—provide a window on American politics and a tumultuous presidency.
(Simon & Schuster)
$30.00



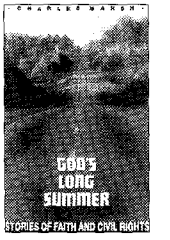
Journey Through the Ice Age
by Paul G. Bahn
photographs by Jean Vertut
"...a first-rate account of the most beguiling and intractable subject in prehistory, the Paleolithic art of the later Ice Age."—*Times Literary Supplement*
(University of California Press)
$39.95



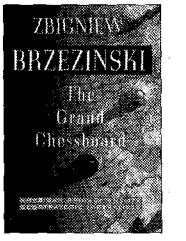
Laurance S. Rockefeller
by Robin W. Winks
"Read his story, told so well in these pages, and you will understand why 'Mr. Conservation' will long be remembered as one of the great environmentalists of our time."
—Bill Moyers
(Island Press)
$25.00



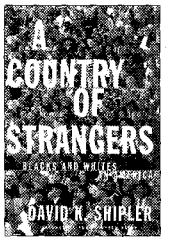
New American Blues
by Earl Shorris
A child of the Depression canvases the country, measuring the difference that half a century has wrought in the social, economic and private lives of America's poor.
(W.W. Norton)
$29.95



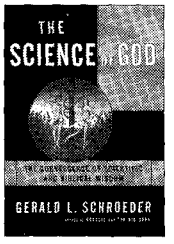
God's Long Summer
by Charles Marsh
"Marsh celebrates the importance of Christian faith in founding the civil rights movement, [exploring] as well the devastating dichotomy of hate and prejudice...he calls the 'anti-civil rights movement.'"—Andrew Young
(Princeton University Press)
$24.95



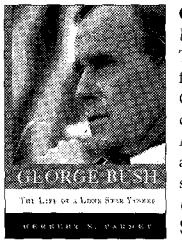
The Grand Chessboard
by Zbigniew Brzezinski
"...the book we have been waiting for: a clear-eyed, tough-minded, definitive exposition of America's strategic interests in the post–Cold War world."
—Samuel P. Huntington, Harvard University
(BasicBooks)
$26.00



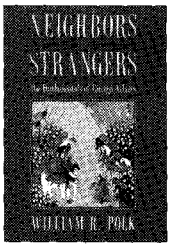
A Country of Strangers
by David K. Shipler
"If you recognize the centrality of racial healing to our destiny as Americans, you must read this book. It will challenge you to look into yourself not as a white person or a black person but as a human being."—Bill Bradley
(Knopf)
$30.00



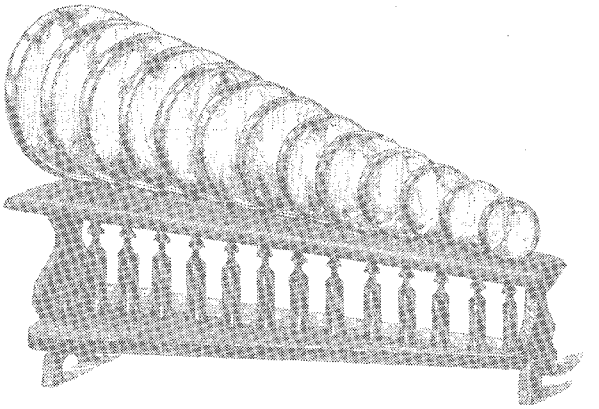
The Science of God
by Gerald L. Schroeder
A physicist and Old Testament scholar argues that the latest scientific discoveries demonstrate an increasing confluence between biblical teachings and biogenesis.
(The Free Press)
$25.00



George Bush
by Herbert S. Parmet
The first full account of the former president shows George Bush within the context of a half century of American life and politics, at a time when great change swept our nation.
(Scribner)
$32.50



Neighbors and Strangers
by William R. Polk
Drawing on decades of experience in government, the author offers a uniquely informed view of foreign affairs, from ancient times to the latest headlines from Bosnia.
(The University of Chicago Press)
$24.95



Available at these and many other Barnes & Noble locations.

New York City, NY	Paramus, NJ	Princeton, NJ	Georgetown, Wash. DC	Seattle, WA	Berkeley, CA
33 East 17th Street	765 Route 17 South	3535 US Route 1	3040 "M" Street NW	2700 NE University Village	2352 Shattuck Avenue
(212) 253-0810	(201) 445-4589	(609) 897-9250	(202) 965-9880	(206) 517-4107	(510) 644-0861

http://www.barnesandnoble.com
aol keyword: barnesandnoble

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chinese athletes say yes to dope.

STRONG-ARM TACTIC

By Phillip Whitten

When China's President Jiang Zemin arrived in Washington, D.C., he had more than just his country's growing military and economic might to crow about. At the National Games in Shanghai, Chinese athletes were busy shattering world records in everything from swimming to weight lifting. It was, by any standard, a stunning display: in the weight-lifting arena alone, Chinese women eclipsed every world record in all nine weight classes.

But like so much of China's newfound power, there was something deeply disturbing, even frightening, about these gains. On closer inspection, the results are a little bit *too* remarkable. In some weight-lifting events, the old marks were surpassed by 60 pounds or more—in a sport which usually measures world record improvements in one- or two-pound increments. In swimming, previously unranked Chinese women set two world records, eight Asian records, and clocked the world's best time in eight of 13 individual women's events. Not since Chairman Mao Zedong reportedly swam five miles down the Yangtze River in 25 minutes have Chinese swimmers sliced so quickly through the water.

What explains this great leap forward? Dope, according to dozens of international observers. And plenty of it. "There's no question about it," said 1996 Olympic swimming champion Susan O'Neill. "The Chinese are cheating, and it's obscene." Added Australia's national swim coach Don Talbot: "It's East Germany all over again." Ironically, the latest uproar about China comes precisely at the same time investigations of more than 100 former Eastern German coaches, trainers, and physicians are beginning in Berlin. Four coaches have been charged with causing bodily harm by administering harmful anabolic steroids to minors.

China, however, seems unconcerned. After failing abysmally at the rigorously drug-tested Atlanta Olympic Games in 1996, Beijing appears to be violating international norms in sports just as it has in the areas of human rights and weapons proliferation. "Everything in my heart and my gut tells me these 'records' are fake," said assistant U.S. Olympic coach Mark Schubert, "that they've been achieved by cheating."

Four of China's now top-ranked swimmers previously have never been among the world's top 150 in their events. Indeed, in four of the eight events in which Chinese swimmers rank first, those swimmers previously were not even in the top 50. According to Nick Thierry, secretary of the International Swimming Statisticians Association, no swimmer outside the top 50 has ever broken a world record; in Shanghai, two did.

This disparity has its own quirky logic: swimming's international governing body, FINA, only conducts unannounced drug testing on athletes listed in the top 50, leaving the relative slow pokes to use dope freely. "It saddens me every time I have to add one of these [Chinese] names to the list," said Thierry, who compiles all international records, "knowing that these performances are not legitimate."

Despite China's repeated denials, there are other reasons to suspect China is systematically doping its athletes in anticipation of the 2000 Olympics in Australia. The swimming records broken by Chen Yan and Wu Yanyan, for instance, had been among the toughest in the books. The 400-meter individual medley mark, by Petra Schneider, was the last remaining East German drug-aided record, but Chen lowered it by a second-and-a-half to 4:34.79, swimming some 19 seconds faster than she had in Atlanta. In the 200-meter individual medley, Wu lowered her Atlanta time by seven seconds—and chopped almost two full seconds off the world record.

Adding to the suspicions were the performances by women in the weight-lifting competition—a sport which will make its Olympic debut in 2000. Their performances "are from Mars," said U.S. Coach Lyn Jones. In fact, three lifters, including a bronze medalist, later tested positive for unspecified drugs and were disqualified. (The International Weight Lifting Federation announced it will not recognize any of the new marks.)

On the track, it was much the same story, as three Chinese women destroyed the world record in the 5,000-meter run. Before the Chinese National Games, only one woman (non-Chinese) in the world had broken four minutes this year in the 1,500-meter run; in Shanghai, twelve Chinese broke the four-minute barrier.

As in 1993 and 1994, most of the Chinese distance runners are coached by the redoubtable Ma Junren of Liaoning province, who attributes his athletes' success to his special blend of turtle blood soup, caterpillar fungus, and Chinese herbs. Two years ago, Ma tried to profit from his success, peddling bottles of his concoctions for about $20 each. An independent analysis of the contents of the bottles, secured by John Leonard, chief executive of the World Swimming Coaches Association, revealed that they contained "sugar water." What may really be fueling Ma's army, experts agree, are non-detectable, genetically engineered hormones.

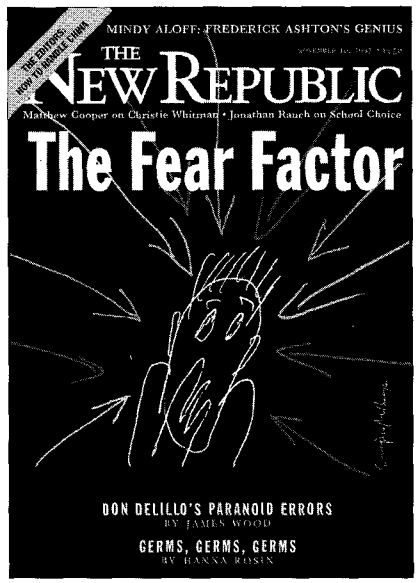
For Ma Junren and other coaches, there is a special incentive to use drugs at the National Games. "It's there that funds are distributed to the top coaches and athletes based on performance," noted famed Australian swim coach and anti-drugs crusader, Forbes Carlile, who coached in China during the 1980s. "A successful athlete or coach stands to earn a great deal of money by Chinese standards—many times the average annual wage."

If the Chinese did cheat, it would not be the first time. Since 1991, 23 Chinese swimmers have tested positive for anabolic steroids—versus just three from the rest of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

✤ WE HAVE A SPECIAL GIFT ✤

MAKE IT YOUR GIFT, TOO


THE EDITORS: HOW TO HANDLE LIBEL
MINDY ALOFF: FREDERICK ASHTON'S GENIUS
THE NEW REPUBLIC
Matthew Cooper on Christie Whitman • Jonathan Rauch on School Choice
The Fear Factor
DON DELILLO'S PARANOID ERRORS
BY JAMES WOOD
GERMS, GERMS, GERMS
BY HANNA ROSIN

Here's a great gift idea for friends and family—give THE NEW REPUBLIC to everyone on your list. You'll be giving in-depth political analysis, sharp opinions, and a crucial tool to understanding foreign and domestic issues that affect us all. Every issue brings you what *The Economist* called America's "**... liveliest and best weekly journal of opinion.**" And our "Back of the Book" is a delectable feast of literature, music and the arts.

It's provocative and exciting, skeptical and quotable. It always fits. It's never returned. It lasts a whole year. It's guaranteed to please. And when you order several, you'll save up to 50% off the regular price.

With this special holiday offer, your first gift or your own renewal is $79.97, and all additional gifts are just $39.99!

That's for a gift that arrives 48 times a year. Plus, you can renew your own subscription or start a new one at the same time.

Call now to order or charge your gift of THE NEW REPUBLIC. Or mail in your order with the post-paid card attached. We'll send you handsome holiday cards for you to announce your generous gifts - which will begin with the first issue in January 1998.

Please order before December 8, 1997 to ensure your delivery for the holidays.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
GIFT EXPRESS MAKES IT
FAST AND EASY TO GIVE

CALL **1-800-827-1289**

✤ AND ANALYSIS, GOVERNMENT ... AND ✤

✤ COMMENTARY, THE ARTS ... AND CRITICISM ✤

✤ FOR POLITICS ... AND OPINION, FOREIGN AFFAIRS ... ✤

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world. In 1994, the Chinese responded to such revelations much as the East Germans had before them. "We do not use drugs," China's head coach Zhou Ming declared unequivocally. "Our success is due solely to hard work, innovative coaching techniques, and new technology."

One month later, as the Chinese team arrived in Hiroshima, Japan, for the Asian Games, a surprise drug test showed just how innovative those techniques were: eleven Chinese athletes tested positive, all for the same anabolic steroid—dihydrotesterone, or DHT. Because of such repeated incidents, the Chinese were banned from the 1995 Pan Pacific Championships, the first time an entire nation has been excluded from world competition for doping. None of this has apparently deterred China from trying again. Australian Mark Stockwell, a 1984 Olympic silver-medalist, advised his government that if it wants to win in 2000 it "would be better off putting eight million dollars into drug testing in China than investing it in training here in Australia."

Western democracies generally consider international sports a relatively apolitical endeavor—a way to bring nations together. But for China, as for the Soviet Union and East Germany in the past, athletics is an arena of political competition; winning demonstrates both the superiority of its political and economic system, and the greatness of its national power. "Just as our women dominate you now," Zhou Ming has said, "so will our men dominate you in four, five, six years, and so too will we dominate you in world economics." So much for constructive engagement.

PHILLIP WHITTEN is Editor-in-Chief of *Swimming World* magazine.

ON THE HILL

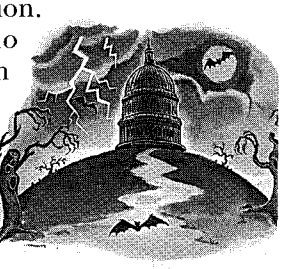
STUMP SPEECH

By Jonathan Chait

Representative Helen Chenoweth worries about many things: black helicopters, homosexuals, feminists. Global warming has never been one of those things. Just two years ago, she was so confident there was no possibility of a crisis that she voted to terminate funding for an Environmental Protection Agency study of global warming. Then last week the Idaho Republican, joined by such well-known tree-huggers as Newt Gingrich and Don Young, pushed through a congressional resolution urging action to reduce greenhouse gases. As if this was not strange enough, Chenoweth and two other like-minded Republicans proceeded to introduce a forest protection bill to preserve "water quality, air quality, and animal habitat." Animal habitat!—this, from a woman who has held an endangered Sockeye salmon bake in her district.

What's behind this outbreak of Republican environmentalism? "We have articulated environmental issues so badly for so long that virtually no one trusts us," reports GOP pollster Frank Luntz in his survey, *The Language of the 21st Century*. So the Republicans have decided to make some changes—not in their actual policies, of course, but in their packaging. "Our environmental solutions are more popular, but we haven't found the words to explain them," writes Luntz. For instance: "When we talk about 'rolling back regulations' involving the environment, we are sending a signal Americans don't support." Rather, Luntz suggests, Republicans should promise to "thoroughly review the environmental regulations already in place" and "decide which ones we need." And the regulations that we don't need? Presumably, they would be rolled back, but Luntz doesn't say. That's the point.

Luntz's principle finds its incarnation in Chenoweth's "Community Protection and Hazardous Fuels Reduction Act," which purports to reduce the risk of wildfires by authorizing timber companies to log national forests. Those "hazardous fuels," it turns out, are trees. Here, Chenoweth seems to have grasped the power of linguistic precision, or, rather, imprecision. "Hazardous fuels reduction" no doubt polls more favorably than "tree reduction."



Luntzism is also at work in that resolution calling for "the United States [to] manage its public domain national forests to maximize the reduction of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere." You might think this means we ought to grow more trees. You'd be wrong. The sudden interest in the greenhouse effect by Chenoweth, Gingrich, Young, and the resolution's other sponsors stems from an unusual scientific hypothesis: trees absorb carbon dioxide as they grow, and older trees have done most of their growing. Therefore, if you cut down old growth trees and replace them with younger trees, the forests can absorb more carbon dioxide. The resolution was written in The Language of the 21st Century, and so it didn't actually say anything about cutting down trees. Instead, it advocated "the harvesting of forest products and their use in environmentally friendly wood products." (Nevertheless, Democrats found this language too strong, and altered the resolution's wording so that it calls vaguely for using forests to reduce greenhouse gasses, without specifying whether this should be done by planting trees or cutting them down.)

So the net effect of the new Republican environmentalism is to bring the party back to the principles of Ronald Reagan—in this case, the principle that trees cause air pollution. Accordingly, the government has a role in protecting the environment, but, instead of protecting trees, it protects the environment *from* trees. Traditional environmental organizations, of course, are not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yet sold on the idea. They note that allowing loggers to haul away flammable trees, as Chenoweth's bill provides, can cause as many fires as it prevents. Thinned-out forests, with less foliage and less moisture, dry out more easily and, hence, become more flammable. Logging itself, which brings diesel-burning heavy machinery into the woods, can cause fires of its own. And the Forest Service has already accommodated the timber industry's need to clear "hazardous fuels" by defining as "dead" certain trees that the loggers covet, but that are, technically speaking, still alive.

The problem with cutting down old trees that have absorbed their fill of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is that most of it gets released back into the atmosphere during the felling, and most of the remaining carbon dioxide escapes when the resulting wood is eventually burned or rots away. Logging more trees in order to improve air quality, in short, is the sort of idea that gives pseudoscience a bad name.

If the Log-Your-Way-To-A-Safer-Environment concept seems like something that came out of a cartoon, maybe that's because it did. In a 1991 episode of Fox's "The Simpsons," a timber lobbyist expounds to a member of Congress about how indiscriminate logging would make Springfield National Forest a more attractive place. His "artist's rendition" of the forest portrays terrified animals under siege from an army of decrepit trees. After logging, it depicts the animals frolicking in a utopia of tree stumps. "It's all part of nature's, you know, cycle," the lobbyist explains. Frank Luntz couldn't have said it better himself. •

THE HARD QUESTIONS

COMING AND GOING

By Nathan Glazer

Americans remain divided over immigration, because they are divided over the moral issues behind the question of how many people we should admit into this country. There are those—wilderness enthusiasts, conservationists, and others alarmed at population growth—who believe America already has enough people; they worry about Census projections that, if present immigration trends continue, there will be about 400 million Americans by 2050.

For others, immigration is a matter of economics. The debate between those who say immigration is good for the economy (University of Maryland economist Julian Simon and journalist Ben Wattenberg) and those who say it is not (Harvard University economist George Borjas) seems to be swinging in the direction of the pessimists. A recent study by Kevin McCarthy and Georges Vernez of the RAND Corporation concludes that for California, the state with the most immigrants, economic costs outweigh the benefits. Highly educated immigrants, about half the total, do well; in time, they reach income parity with natives. Poorly educated immigrants, however, do not.

Less-skilled immigrants also hurt the earnings of less-skilled natives. McCarthy and Vernez estimate that between one and one-and-a-half percent of the adult native-born population in the U.S. has become unemployed or left the labor force because of competition from immigrants. In addition, unskilled immigration has contributed to a declining migration rate to California by native-born Americans from other parts of the country, and to an exodus of natives from California. But then there is Silicon Valley, which believes the U.S. should skew immigration policy to favor those with the education and skills that high-tech industry needs.

Yet another value that influences immigration policy is "diversity." A while back, it became clear that the current emphasis on promoting the immigration of close family members of current residents was hurting potential Irish immigrants: their family members in this country were too distantly related to qualify as sponsors for new immigrants. Hence the remarkable "diversity" lottery in which persons from "underrepresented" countries may apply for immigrant visas by lottery. By now, the lottery mostly benefits not the Irish, but Africans.

Finally, there are those for whom the dominant value in setting immigration policy is compassion. Admitting large numbers of refugees is their desideratum—though it does not solve the problem of deciding who among the refugees deserves entry most; nor does it limit the role of foreign policy and domestic political considerations in making such determinations.

So, when we debate immigration, we are really debating which of these competing and sometimes incompatible values should predominate. Keeping America's population small, or making it bigger? Making America—or certain segments of America—richer? More "diverse"? Compassion, for refugees and for families, for families separated, and for those trying to create one? I would vote for compassion, primarily for refugees and close family members of residents.

But moral intuition rarely withstands the messy realities of policymaking. When Congress debated a new immigration law in 1996, it seemed easy to agree that the new law should deal only with illegal immigrants. While then Wyoming Senator Alan Simpson also wanted to review and revise laws that permit about 800,000 legal immigrants to enter each year—a number, the polls say, that most Americans consider excessive—Congress was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more responsive to the views of those who feel most strongly about immigration. Thus, pro-immigrant groups and high-tech industries were able to block any major changes in the law affecting legal immigrants.

The legislation that emerged, then, seemed to link toughness (a crackdown on illegals) with compassion (hands off legal immigrants). But the new law has led to a spate of heart-breaking, and seemingly illogical, situations in which illegal immigrants, who are long-settled U.S. residents, married, with children and jobs, have run afoul of the law. Some have been seized by immigration authorities upon returning from trips abroad for seemingly minor infractions of immigration law, and whisked back to their countries of origin. The new laws often mean alleged illegals have less opportunity for a hearing before they are deported.

One change that is having drastic consequences is the requirement that applications for legal immigrant status be made from abroad. And now if you are illegal for more than six months and leave the country for any reason you can be barred from returning for three years—ten years if you were in the country illegally for more than a year. According to *The New York Times*, some immigrants without green cards are giving up jobs as waiters and chefs—even closing businesses that employ scores of workers—in order to go home to escape penalties. How can that possibly help the American economy?

So, while we can all agree in principle that there should be no illegal immigration, when we begin to act on that principle, it turns out that the illegal immigrant is the person who works for us, or runs the restaurant we eat at, or takes care of the garden, and has a spouse and children and parents from whom he or she will be separated if the law is enforced. Then our principled position crumbles before human realities. •

PHILADELPHIA POSTCARD

SISTERLY LOVE

By Eric Westervelt

Across the front pages of America's major papers, the verdict on last week's Million Woman March in Philadelphia was unanimous: sisterhood is powerful. The gathering of black women was celebrated in terms only slightly less glowing than the praise heaped on Louis Farrakhan's Million Man version in Washington, D.C., two years ago. "Thousands Join Here, As One," gushed *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. "We Are Countless in Unity," proclaimed *The Washington Post*, its enthusiasm qualified only by quotation marks.

At the actual event, however, all had not been sweetness and light. "Philadelphia was the first capital, so it's good to take your grievances to where it all began," march co-founder Phile Chionesu observed. And to the extent the march had a discernible purpose, the expression of grievance was it. Nation of Islam's Ava Muhammed told the crowd that black women must not sleep with white men, lest they become "traitors to the cause of liberation." "We have thousands of long tongued Uncle Toms lookin' for a boot to lick ... and who'll sell our soul for a job and to have lunch with white people!" she shouted. Congresswoman Maxine Waters, the California Democrat who currently chairs the Congressional Black Caucus, rose and warned of white plots to destroy blacks. "I'm convinced the CIA did play a role in the explosion of crack cocaine in South Central Los Angeles," she said.

Even though the joblessness and poverty rates for black women are more than twice as high as those for white women, even though the welfare system had just been radically overhauled, the first item on the march's official twelve-point agenda was Waters's now-discredited story of a CIA plot to introduce crack cocaine into the inner cities. Comedian Dick Gregory even beseeched the crowd to "boycott Thanksgiving and Christmas" until the agency turns over more documents relating to its plot.

Another official demand was the release of death-row inmate Mumia Abu Jamal, convicted in 1982 of killing a Philadelphia police officer. "This government is in a plot to kill an innocent man," announced Pam Africa, a longtime member of the political cult MOVE that was bombed by the Philadelphia police in 1985. Julia Wright, daughter of novelist Richard Wright, flew in from France to tell the 500,000 or so marchers: "Free Mumia and all political prisoners."

There were also calls for separate schools and separate communities and separate races. The organizers pointedly disdained the involvement of established pro-integration groups, including the NAACP and the Urban League. In their stead, there were steely-eyed, bow-tied security guards from the Nation of Islam. There was rap artist Sister Souljah imploring black women to stop going out to nightclubs "ass-butt naked."

The keynote speaker for the afternoon was Winnie Madikizela-Mandela, the controversial ex-wife of South African President Nelson Mandela. In her own country, she has already been convicted for her involvement in the 1988 kidnapping of a 14-year-old Sowetto activist named Stompie Sipei, and now the Truth and Reconciliation Commission is investigating the role she may have played in Sipei's murder. But here in America, Congresswoman Waters described her as the "mother of a nation and mother of us all" whose only remaining ambition was to construct a monument to "all the chil-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Countries eligible to sit on the United Nations Security Council:

Afghanistan
Albania
Algeria
Andorra
Angola
Antigua and Barbuda
Argentina
Armenia
Australia
Austria
Azerbaijan
Bahamas
Bahrain
Bangladesh
Barbados
Belarus
Belgium
Belize
Benin
Bhutan
Bolivia
Bosnia and Herzegovina
Botswana
Brazil
Brunei Darussalam
Bulgaria
Burkina Faso
Burundi
Cambodia
Cameroon
Canada
Cape Verde
Central African Republic
Chad
Chile
China
Colombia
Comoro Islands
Congo
Costa Rica
Côte d'Ivoire
Croatia
Cuba
Cyprus
Czech Republic
Democratic People's Republic of Korea
Democratic Republic of the Congo
Denmark
Djibouti
Dominica
Dominican Republic
Ecuador
Egypt
El Salvador
Equatorial Guinea
Eritrea
Estonia
Ethiopia
Fiji
Finland
France
Gabon
Gambia
Georgia
Germany
Ghana
Greece
Grenada
Guatemala
Guinea
Guinea-Bissau
Guyana
Haiti
Honduras
Hungary
Iceland
India
Indonesia
Iran
Iraq
Ireland
Italy
Jamaica
Japan
Jordan
Kazakhstan
Kenya
Kuwait
Kyrgyzstan
Laos
Latvia
Lebanon
Lesotho
Liberia
Libya
Liechtenstein
Lithuania
Luxembourg
Madagascar
Malawi
Malaysia
Maldives
Mali
Malta
Marshall Islands
Mauritania
Mauritius
Mexico
Micronesia
Moldova
Monaco
Mongolia
Morocco
Mozambique
Myanmar
Namibia
Nepal
Netherlands
New Zealand
Nicaragua
Niger
Nigeria
Norway
Oman
Pakistan
Palau
Panama
Papua New Guinea
Paraguay
Peru
Philippines
Poland
Portugal
Qatar
Republic of Korea
Romania
Russian Federation
Rwanda
St. Kitts and Nevis
St. Lucia
St. Vincent and the Grenadines
Samoa
San Marino
São Tomé and Principe
Saudi Arabia
Senegal
Seychelles
Sierra Leone
Singapore
Slovakia
Slovenia
Solomon Islands
Somalia
South Africa
Spain
Sri Lanka
Sudan
Suriname
Swaziland
Sweden
Syria
Tajikistan
Tanzania
Thailand
The Former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia
Togo
Trinidad and Tobago
Tunisia
Turkey
Turkmenistan
Uganda
Ukraine
United Arab Emirates
United Kingdom
United States
Uruguay
Uzbekistan
Vanuatu
Venezuela
Viet Nam
Yemen
Yugoslavia
Zambia
Zimbabwe

Countries not eligible to sit on the United Nations Security Council:

Israel

Believe it or not, Israel is the only one of the 185 member countries ineligible to serve on the United Nations Security Council, the key deliberative group of the world body. Even Iraq is eligible. So is Iran. And so, too, are Cuba, Libya, North Korea, Sudan and Syria.

Why is it that these seven nations, all cited by the U.S. State Department as sponsors of terrorism, are eligible to serve rotating terms on the Security Council, yet Israel, a democratic nation and member of the UN since 1950, is not?

To be eligible for election, a country must belong to a regional group. Every UN member state—from the smallest to the largest—is included in one of the five regional groups. By geography, Israel should be part of the Asian bloc but such countries as Iraq and Saudi Arabia have prevented its entry for decades.

The UN Charter proclaims "the equal rights...of nations large and small."

But only Israel among all UN members is denied the right to belong to any regional group. As a temporary measure, Israel has sought acceptance in the West European and Others Group (WEOG), which includes not only the democracies of Western Europe but also Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Turkey and the United States. Here, too, despite the support of several countries, including the U.S., Israel still has not been admitted.

Thus, without membership in a regional group, Israel can never be elected to serve a term on the Security Council or, for that matter, to the other most important bodies of the UN system, such as the Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC), the World Court, UNICEF and the Commission on Human Rights.

What should you do? Make yourself heard!

We urge you to clip the coupons at the bottom of this page and mail them to the addresses shown. For more information, please contact us.

The American Jewish Committee

Robert S. Rifkind
President

David A. Harris
Executive Director

Since 1906, the American Jewish Committee has been pursuing Jewish security and well-being in the context of a democratic world respectful of the rights of all.

The American Jewish Committee, The Jacob Blaustein Building, 165 E. 56th Street, New York, NY 10022.

Send these coupons by e-mail through our web site at www.ajc.org

His Excellency Kofi Annan
Secretary-General
The United Nations
New York, NY 10017

Dear Mr. Secretary-General:

In your new term of office, you have promised to bring reform to the workings of the United Nations. We look to you to help bring about an end to the discriminatory treatment of Israel, the only UN member denied membership or participation in a regional group. Encourage the members of the European Union to accept Israel as a temporary member of the West European and Others Group.

That would signal real reform and leadership.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

_____

_____

H.E. Ambassador M. Jean-Louis Wolzfeld
Permanent Representative of Luxembourg to the UN
Representative of the Presidency of the European Union
17 Beekman Place
New York, NY 10022

Dear Ambassador Wolzfeld:

We urge all members of the European Union to accept Israel as a temporary member or participant in the West European and Others Group. As you know, Israel is the only country denied membership in any regional group.

Now is the time for the democracies of Europe to demonstrate that democracy means a voice for all nations.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

_____

_____

H.E. Ambassador Bill Richardson
Permanent Representative of the United States to the UN
799 United Nations Plaza
New York, NY 10017

Dear Ambassador Richardson:

We applaud the efforts of the United States to end discriminatory treatment of Israel at the UN. Israel, as you know, is the only UN member denied participation in a regional group.

As our representative to the UN, please encourage other participants in the West European and Others Group, particularly the members of the European Union who are blocking Israel's participation, to change their position and accept Israel as a temporary member.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

_____

_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dren who died in South Africa's revolution." "We have a shared responsibility to save the world from those who attempt to destroy it," Madikizela-Mandela said.

But if the world is on the brink of destruction, there wasn't much sign of it among the crowd at the march, where a carnival atmosphere prevailed. The mood was so cheerful that a visitor from Mars might have thought he had landed in the middle of some vast celebration of the American good life. Despite a thin drizzle, the sidewalks of the Benjamin Franklin Parkway were turned into a festive midway lined with hundreds of vendors selling everything from food to faux African religious articles. "Get your Million Woman March bean pies here," cried one hawker.

One woman, selling brilliantly colored sticks of incense from a small wood table, sipped shots of something called Bagi Chiew that she poured from a jar covered with a brown bag. "It's not FDA approved yet," she told me sheepishly. "Want some?" An older man strapped on an empty five-gallon water-cooler jug and wandered the crowd asking for "a million pennies from a million women. Just a million pennies." "It's kinda nice seein' all these black people around here havin' fun," said a wide-eyed nine-year-old who had tugged on my shirt sleeve, asking with a smile if he could talk into my microphone.

And with all the favorable press, the organizers are already eyeing the next million. "This is just a phase one action," said Phile Chionesu. "We'll be developing Million Woman March Internationals, pushing global and universal concepts. Wait till you see what we've got planned for 2000: A Million Woman March with a focus on the black family."

ERIC WESTERVELT is a staff reporter for National Public Radio.

Wanted: Med school guinea pigs.

LOSING PATIENTS

By Ivan Oransky

In "E.R.," the television series, the plot always hinges on the same premise: there are never enough doctors to go around. Young doctors-to-be scramble breathlessly from patient to patient, learning to do complex procedures under dire conditions. It makes for great drama, and it's actually not a wholly inapt picture of American medical education. The profession has always emphasized hands-on training, on the sound theory that there's a limit to what you can learn from books. "To study the phenomena of disease without books is to sail an unchartered sea," William Osler, the father of American medicine, once wrote, "while to study books without patients is not to go to sea at all."

This vision assumes, of course, that there will always be an adequate supply of hospital patients for medical students to work on. Traditionally, medical schools could count on relationships with public hospitals to provide a vast number of uninsured or Medicaid patients, who would be treated by residents and medical students, under the supervision of fully qualified physicians. But this is where reality is now beginning to diverge from "E.R.": the supply of low-income patients available for medical education is drying up. No one in the profession much likes to admit it, but in many big-city hospitals today the best place to find med students and residents is the lounge or the nurses' station, not the patients' ward.

Why is this happening? One reason is that the notion of using poor patients as guinea pigs for med students has come under attack from legislators and physicians who increasingly realize that everyone is entitled to the same level of care regardless of income. But an even more important factor is the continuing revolution in health-care economics. Thanks to changes in Medicaid funding and to hospital cost-cutting efforts emphasizing treatment on an outpatient basis, many indigent patients who were once considered prime candidates for treatment by medical apprentices are now being signed up by health plans that pay health-care providers at least as much, if not more, than other third-party insurance payers.

Private insurers, such as New York's HIP, have realized that they can provide health care to Medicaid patients at a tiny fraction of the government's cost—and pocket the difference. Thus, Medicaid patients, once the unwashed castoffs of the health-care system, have become a hot commodity for health plans and hospitals, to the point where one plan recently was penalized for recruiting more patients than it could provide care for. The trend will probably accelerate now that the federal authorities have allowed New York State to start mandated managed care for 2.4 million Medicaid patients, most of whom live in New York City.

That will mean a significant blurring of the formerly clear distinction between "public" and "private" patients, and a drop in the number of patients available to serve as teaching cases for students and residents—especially in New York, which trains a disproportionate 15 percent of the nation's residents. Formerly undesirable Medicaid patients are now considered lucrative private patients, and many faculty physicians now keep their residents and students as far away from them as possible. (I was recently kicked out of a delivery room by such a physician.) As a result, the number of cases in which doctors-in-training can really get involved is dwindling.

Compounding the problem is the fact that patients are perfectly happy to allow physician assistants (PAs) and nurse practitioners (NPs), rather than doctors, to perform procedures and take part in medical decision-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

making. An ad running in many New York newspapers and magazines touts the expertise of the Columbia Advanced Practice Nurse Associates, "a new choice in primary care"—never mind that the ad features what appears to be a fake X-ray of a broken bone. PAs and NPs get paid less than doctors, largely because their training and education is far more superficial than that of doctors. But they deliver babies, write medication orders, and manage their own patients, all with the full support of the law, and of managed-care companies, who see them as cheap medical labor.

The solution to this "volume shortage" facing medical education is not to prohibit private health plans from enrolling Medicaid patients, although this practice ought to be carefully regulated. The solution is for all patients, rich and poor, and all health-care providers, at every stage of training, to acknowledge everyone's obligation to all patients, present and future. Insured—that is, higher-income—patients at the most private of hospitals should not consider themselves above being examined by a resident, any more than uninsured patients at Bellevue Hospital should consider themselves guinea pigs for medical students and residents.

Physicians who have admitting privileges at private teaching hospitals should explain that medical students and residents are crucial members of the health-care team—especially because it is often the student who actually has the most time to listen to the patient. This role should extend also to outpatient visits, where the focus of medical education should shift to reflect changes in medical practice wrought by managed care. Denying medical trainees the experience they need will only hurt all patients, rich and poor, in the future.

IVAN ORANSKY is a medical student and editor-in-chief of "Pulse," the medical student section of the *Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Wall Street's case of Hong Kong flu.

PANIC ATTACK

By Andrew Morse

It seems like only yesterday that financial advisers were touting Malaysia, Thailand, and other fast-developing nations of Southeast Asia. But after the recent collapse of Southeast Asian stock markets, which so spectacularly reverberated on Wall Street last week, many investors see the region as a financial Great Dismal Swamp. Some are even predicting that the downdraft in Asian financial markets will upset the delicate balance of trade among the developing nations, Japan, and the United States—which could, in turn, spark a trade war between the U.S. and Japan.

One can certainly understand such fears, if only because a trade war would have dire consequences for all Americans, not just the millions who own mutual funds. But while a reality check about Southeast Asia may be in order—and while concerns over our economic relationship with Japan are merited—a trade war will not erupt unless we let hysteria get out of control. As is so often the case in the financial world, it is not an actual economic phenomenon—but rather the expectations of, and reactions to, that phenomenon—that now pose the greatest threat.

The cause of those misplaced negative expectations is an exaggerated fear of how the Asian market collapse will affect Japan, upon whose economic performance the entire region—and the entire world—largely depends. The Asian markets collapsed because the developing nations were living beyond their means—the value of the imports they consumed exceeded the value of the exports they produced. This made the currencies of Indonesia, Malaysia, and Thailand vulnerable to speculators, who were able to force down their values, or "break" them, in currency-trader argot. With their currencies weak, it has become more difficult for the Southeast Asian "tigers" to afford foreign products.

This, in turn, is bad news for Japan. Of the 44.7 trillion yen worth of goods Japan exported in 1996, fully 37 percent went to Southeast Asia. Without that lucrative market, Japan will need to find another destination for the land-moving equipment and precision machinery it has been shipping there. The most logical and tempting alternative destination, the financial markets fret, is the United States. And that, according to the pessimists, is where the real trouble starts.

Even before the Southeast Asian collapse, Japan's already large trade surplus with the U.S. was growing larger. This is a source of much political consternation, especially among those who consider this imbalance the result of Japanese protectionism (which is, in fact, a contributing factor). The pressure on U.S. politicians to fight back is mounting, and each new dispute disrupts the U.S. markets. Earlier this month, the trade surplus captured headlines as a little-known Washington agency, the Federal Maritime Commission, threatened to ban Japanese ships from docking at U.S. ports. Ever jittery about portents of a trade war, New York traders took this spat as a cue to sell, which is why CNBC broadcast the resolution to the crisis live.

Some on Wall Street believe that these tensions are nothing more than a Clinton administration ploy—an attempt to win support for fast-track negotiating authority, which would be used to expand trade agreements, by appearing to get tough on Japan. On the other hand, with popular anxiety over global trade still relatively widespread in the U.S.—and Japan available as a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

convenient bogeyman—the threat of a trade war seems real enough.

But will the chain of events really unfold this way? It's true that Japan's anemic economy, which has scraped along the bottom for the last six years and even contracted by 2.9 percent in the last quarter, won't be any better for the overseas weakness. Exports to Southeast Asia will suffer and, in fact, they already have. Major public works projects have been canceled in Thailand, Malaysia, and Indonesia, reducing demand not only for Japanese products, but also for American ones.

But Southeast Asia won't simply cease importing from Japan, in part because many of the firms in Southeast Asia that buy Japanese exports are overseas subsidiaries of Japanese companies. In the mid-1990s, corporate Japan went on a buying spree throughout the region, building factories that would build electronic equipment and automobiles. Sony, for example, began building televisions and stereos in Indonesian factories, while Honda began production at Bangkok. Smaller Japanese companies, which had supplied these companies in the home market, followed suit. Throughout that period, hardly a day went by without Japanese newspapers reporting on the latest plan by some big company to break ground on new facilities throughout the region. By 1994, Japan's overseas direct investment was growing by almost ten percent a year.

One factor behind this trend was the bulky strength of the yen relative to other currencies—and it's still strong today against the region's other currencies. As the yen approached its zenith of 79.75 to the U.S. dollar, Japanese companies worried their exports wouldn't be competitive. Unable to fire employees with the same freedom that their American competitors enjoy, and struggling to restructure in any meaningful fashion, Japan's behemoths looked abroad for lower-cost manufacturing bases.

The cost advantage of moving operations from Japan may not be quite what it was; Southeast Asian workers aren't as productive as their Japanese counterparts. Still, that hardly augurs an end to Japanese manufacturing in Asia. Corporate Japan still remembers being caught flat-footed during the yen's days in the stratosphere. With plants already on-line throughout Asia and the yen prices of those assets falling as speculation drives down the region's currencies, the incentive for Japan Inc. to continue investing remains strong. Not only is such investment cheap, it is an effective hedge against the withering prospects of renewed strength in the yen, which was caused by Japan's trade surplus in the first place.

Don't forget, too, that it's in the Southeast Asians' interest to find a way to keep importing. The bulk of the region's purchases are capital goods—the machinery and equipment needed to build products that ultimately will be exported. And expanding to the rest of the world is exactly what Southeast Asia must do to pull itself out of its current crisis. As Marc Chandler, senior currency strategist at Deutsche Morgan Grenfell succinctly puts it: "Southeast Asia must import in order to export."

So Japanese exports won't suffer as much as some expect—that's certainly good news. But what does it mean for the U.S. and its relationship with Japan? Inevitably, the United States will have to absorb at least some increase in imports, particularly from Southeast Asia, to support the world economy as it churns through an ugly and difficult period of adjustment. But this may not be such a bad thing—at least for now. Cheap imports keep domestic inflation in check. And while Americans buy more televisions and cars from Japan, U.S. companies still run a services surplus with Japan, selling everything from franchise rights to banking services. Japan's services deficit with the United States was $58 billion—the largest in the world.

A trade war, of course, does neither combatant any good. A slumping Asia shuts out not only Japanese companies but U.S. firms as well. And a weak Japan, as much as Americans have become used to it, also bodes ill. Both nations realize that, at some point, the trade imbalances between them must be ironed out. The Japanese, in particular, cannot afford to have speculators bid up the yen again—which could happen if Japanese surpluses with the U.S. start to grow too quickly. Both nations can reduce the likelihood of that crisis, or any other. Just as long as nobody on either side of the Pacific panics.

ANDREW MORSE is international markets editor of *TheStreet.com*, an online financial news publication.

Microsoft's market manipulations.

BREAKING WINDOWS

By Ian Ayres

If you want to understand why Microsoft is in trouble with the Justice Department, just start up Windows 95 on your computer and try dragging the little icon that represents a "shortcut" to Microsoft Explorer over to the "wastebasket." If your computer is like mine, or most people's, you can't do it. It's no problem to delete, say, the icon representing Netscape Web browser software. But don't mess with Microsoft's Internet icons. They're a mandatory, ineradicable part of your virtual desktop environment—because that's the way Microsoft wants it. Last year, when Compaq had the temerity to try shipping Presario computers with desktops that excluded Microsoft Network and Internet Explorer icons, Microsoft responded by trying to prohibit Compaq from installing Windows 95 in its machines altogether.

While Microsoft would have you believe that this is merely the software giant's gentle way of easing everyone's access to the Internet, neither technological

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

necessity nor consumer convenience explains why Microsoft's Internet icons can't be deleted. And there's no reason at all why even an accidental mouse-click on the Microsoft Network icon should actually disconfigure—i.e., cripple—competitors' software. But often, it does—leaving the hapless computer user to spend hours reinstalling and reconfiguring software. Thus, weary or wary computer users may decide to use Microsoft's Internet services not because they really want them, but because they fear what Windows 95 would do to non-Microsoft products.

Microsoft would also have you believe that there's no genuine issue of antitrust law at stake here. "It's our product, and we get to define what's in it," a Microsoft senior vice president told *The Wall Street Journal.* Some business commentators agree; since "the consumer comes first ... the first question should always be: Does this help consumers, not in some imagined future but in the here and now? Microsoft's free browser does," wrote James K. Glassman in *The Washington Post.*

But exactly how does the consumer benefit from being prevented from deleting Microsoft's Internet icons, much less from having to run the risk of disabling competitors' software? In fact, these Windows 95 "features" are transparent attempts to "tie" the use of Windows 95 to the use of Microsoft's Internet products. The Justice Department is correct to take Microsoft to task for this practice: it violates the 1995 consent decree under which the Justice Department agreed not to pursue a lawsuit against Microsoft in return for Microsoft's promise not to require purchasers of Windows 95 to buy other Microsoft products.

The goal of the 1995 consent decree was a worthy one: to limit Microsoft's ability to use its monopoly on operating systems as a means of cornering the market on other types of software. This is not some far-fetched theory concocted specially for Bill Gates and the age of the Internet. The same concept was behind the Justice Department's decision to break up Ma Bell in 1982. Back then, regulators wanted to prevent AT&T from converting its monopoly power over local telephone service into monopoly control over the long-distance market. The most likely means for doing so would have been the creation of switching systems—the "interface" between long-distance and local service—that would have given AT&T's own long-distance product an unfair advantage over competitors. Today, the interface between your desktop and the Internet is the Windows 95 operating system, and it appears Microsoft is using it to give their own browser an advantage over competitors' Internet software.

Indeed, if anything, the Justice Department is treating Microsoft more gingerly than it handled the phone monopoly. In the AT&T break-up, the Justice Department denied local "Baby Bells" the right to provide long-distance phone service. But it is not now proposing to forbid Microsoft from developing Internet software and services. It only wants to prevent Microsoft from tying the use of Internet products to the use of Windows 95—which currently has more than an 85 percent share of the market for computer operating systems.

Justice's bid to rein in Microsoft will also lay down a precedent for the future. What new features should Microsoft be able to add to Windows 98, the next Windows version due out early next year? It wouldn't be wise to stop Microsoft from adding new Internet features to Windows 98, because the lines between desktops and Internet browsers are beginning to blur. That is, the same software that enables users to navigate through the various programs stored on their hard drives will soon enable them to navigate sites on the Internet. Users want to have home screens from which they can either launch programs or connect to specific Web sites—so that from a single screen, a user could conveniently search the Internet or start a word-processing program.

It would be more than reasonable for Windows 98 to allow (but not require) owners to place icons representing shortcuts to specific Web sites on their desktop. The trick is to give users of non-Microsoft Web browsing software an opportunity to put their icons on the Windows 98 desktop, too. Consumers should be able to use one of Microsoft's competitors' browsers and still customize their desktop as easily as a Microsoft Explorer user can.

Indeed, there is no technological reason why computer users should not be able to launch "local" programs—such as WordPerfect or Minesweeper—from their browser homepage. If Justice is serious about preventing Microsoft from tying the use of Windows 98 to the use of Microsoft Internet software, Windows 98 should allow competitor browsers to incorporate program icons that have traditionally only appeared on the Windows desktop.

Of course, this suggests that, instead of prohibiting Windows 98 from incorporating browser functions, Justice should mandate that browsers be allowed to incorporate desktop functions. Enforcing this type of mandate would not be easy. Microsoft would undoubtedly continue to stack its Windows computer code to disfavor competitors' software, and competitors with genuinely inferior browsers will claim—at times falsely—that Microsoft is denying them equal access.

But allowing users to start programs from their browser homepage would foster a new form of consumer competition. If computer users decided they preferred the look and feel of a Netscape homepage as the primary repository for both their program and specific Web site icons, it might even become possible for Netscape to develop a viable alternative to Windows 2001. Maybe now the best way to control Microsoft's monopoly is to pave the way for future Web browsers to compete with virtual desktops for the loyalty of the computing public.

IAN AYRES is Townsend Professor of Law at Yale and is currently a visiting professor at the University of Illinois.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Al From is still running scared.

THE NEW NEW DEMOCRATS

By Jacob Heilbrunn

On a recent October afternoon, Al From, the president of the Democratic Leadership Council, held a press briefing on his new strategy to promote President Clinton's proposal for fast-track trade negotiation authority. The box-lunch meeting took place in the DLC's basement, and the air was thick with martial metaphors. "The fight goes on," From declared, warning that "parts of our party are trying to undermine" the economic prosperity created by the Clinton administration. "The battle is never over," said Senator Joseph Lieberman of Connecticut, the DLC's chairman seated at From's side. The DLC is locked in "a continuing struggle for power," said Will Marshall, president of the group's think tank, the Progressive Policy Institute.

It was the prelude to yet another fight for the soul of the Democratic Party. But then fighting for the party's soul is the DLC's perennial preoccupation. Founded by a group of mostly Southern and conservative Democrats in the wake of Walter Mondale's 1984 presidential debacle, the DLC's mission was to wrest the Democratic Party away from its left-wing establishment—particularly minority interest groups and labor unions—in order to transform it into a party that championed middle-class values. The old Democrats called for minimum wage increases, antipoverty programs, protectionism, and school busing; the DLC's self-described new Democrats sought balanced budgets, welfare reform, free trade agreements, and charter schools.

But now we have a balanced budget agreement (and a virtually balanced budget), a successful welfare reform experiment, the North American Free Trade Agreement, and a real effort at charter schools. President Clinton, a founding member of the DLC, has himself reembraced DLC ideology after straying early in his first term, and he has appointed several former DLC officials to the administration. New Democrat thinking is media gospel. The organization remains—as it always has—flush with money from its well-heeled corporate donors. So why do Al From and the DLC still feel embattled?

Perhaps the DLC can't take yes for an answer. The Democratic Party has already adopted the DLC formula of claiming the center, especially hot-button social issues. Even most traditional liberals concede that Democrats need to woo middle-class voters, and that the old cultural policies senselessly antagonized key constituencies. But to hear the DLC tell it, these constituencies still pose a potent threat. Like Cold Warriors who pine for the Soviet menace, the DLC types seem flummoxed by the absence of a powerful liberal establishment.

In one way, though, the DLC does remain an insurgency. The DLC is a head without a body—a Beltway operation with little presence in grassroots America. The DLC may have a foothold in the White House, but its presence on Capitol Hill is minimal; ubiquitous on the op-ed pages, the movement lacks a cadre of dedicated volunteers. In recent years, the Beltway focus has been an effective strategy for reframing public discussion, but it has meant that the group's fortunes are hostage to the Clinton administration's.

Of particular concern is the 2000 presidential race, which will most likely pit a DLC disciple, Vice President Al Gore, against an apostate DLC founder, House Minority Leader Richard Gephardt. From and his allies fear that, should Gephardt or some other old-style Democrat triumph, the DLC would be isolated and ostracized—that it would be, once more, just a marginalized minority. In short, a threat to Clinton is now a threat to the DLC itself.

At the Omni Shoreham Hotel, a week after From's luncheon, the DLCers clung to Clinton. "There were years when there was tension in the corridors that you could feel," Chuck Alston, executive director of the DLC, explained. No longer. The meeting became one long lovefest centering on the accomplishments of Clinton and Gore. The title of the conference was "New Democrats, New Economy: Expanding the Winner's Circle." The ballroom was packed with over a thousand supporters of the DLC, many of them financial backers, who listened intently as Secretary of Education Richard Riley droned on about a new social compact and Congressman Jim Moran of suburban Virginia expounded on "Governing in the Vital Center."

William Galston, a former Clinton White House domestic policy maven, could scarcely contain his excitement as he sketched out a political program that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would ensure Democratic domination well into the next century. If Democrats could only combine a social compact that helps workers, while integrating the U.S. into the world economy, they would cripple the Republicans: "If it works out politically with ... answers that work, we deserve to win," he said. Pro-business types attending the conference seemed to agree. Wayne Gantt, an economist from Atlanta, told me that Democrats need to hold on to "business-oriented and socially progressive" voters: "the message of the DLC could help return the South to the Democrats."

In a sense, the DLC has come full circle since 1993. Clinton was supposed to be the DLC's meal ticket, but as he lurched left on issue after issue, From and company grew increasingly disenchanted with their creation. Writing in a 1994 issue of *The New Democrat*, From observed, "Carter and Clinton both tried to accommodate the advocacy groups, bringing many of the groups' supporters into their administrations. Carter's accommodation strategy failed miserably." Separately, From said that his organization was an independent think tank, "not an adjunct of the Clinton administration."

Today, it is precisely that. Robert Shapiro, an economist at the Progressive Policy Institute and a Clinton adviser in 1992, has been nominated to be undersecretary for economic affairs at Commerce. Bruce Reed, a former member of the DLC, has been promoted to White House domestic policy adviser—and he is widely seen as an architect of last year's welfare reform plan. Other DLC policy types, like Galston and Elaine Kamarck, have come and gone from the administration, but White House political adviser Rahm Emmanuel is still lunching with From.

The turnaround came after the 1994 congressional elections, a drubbing that jolted Clinton back to his New Democrat roots. "Our greatest ally was objective reality," says DLC policy director Ed Kilgore, adding with a grin, "Dick Morris is pretty objective." And so, advisers like Morris, speechwriter Don Baer, and pollster Mark Penn were in contact with the DLC and pushing its agenda at the White House. The Clinton emphasis on cultural issues such as school uniforms can be traced to the DLC, which has made them a key part of its program. Lately, the DLC has even begun to make some inroads in the House of Representatives, where a 37-member New Democrat coalition has been founded by Moran, Cal Dooley of California, and Tim Roemer of Indiana. They may extract concessions from the Republicans by becoming a key swing bloc of votes against liberal Democrats, just as "Blue Dog" conservative Democrats were courted by Republicans during the Reagan years.

But the flare-up over fast-track—and the emboldened opposition to Clintonism by the non-DLC Democrats in Congress—clearly has From worried. At the convention, From ordered his flock to "stand squarely" with Clinton: "His fight is our fight." "[I]t is astonishing to me," thundered From, "that organized interest groups who dominated the Democratic Party during our many years in the political wilderness have chosen this moment to launch a high-profile, lavishly financed effort to derail a Democratic president's successful economic strategy."

So hostile is the DLC to the Gephardt-led Democratic minority in the House that it seems to have adopted Clinton's own Dick Morris-devised approach to the Hill: "triangulation," that is, positioning yourself somewhat to the left of the Hill Republicans, and somewhat to the right of the Hill Democrats. After the defeat in 1994, Will Marshall says, Clinton was "liberated to pursue reform and a modernization course." But a defeat on fast-track, he warns, could lead to a return of the bad, old Democratic party. "This is not just about a narrow technical issue," said Marshall, but "a struggle to reverse economic policies."

The assumption behind Marshall's description of the stakes is, as always, that paleoliberal special interest groups are trying to pull the Democratic Party away from its natural base. This was the message that Mark Penn, a pollster for Clinton, delivered at the conference. Penn has produced a 54-page survey showing that most Democrats are, in fact, New Democrats. The poll shows that the party has once again become a middle-class organization, 51 percent of whose supporters make over $35,000 (compared to 55 percent of the nation as a whole). Democrats, Penn argues, are more educated, more female, more middle class, more suburban, and less unionized than in 1980 when Ronald Reagan swept to victory.

But the surprisingly strong popular resistance to fast-track suggests Penn's analysis is wishful thinking. The opposition consists in large part of traditionally Democratic blue-collar workers who feel victimized by the global economy and resent the internationalist economic vision championed by big business, touted by the DLC, and implemented by Clinton. The electorate may be more suburban than it was 20 years ago, but these blue-collar workers still account for a big part of the socially conservative Democratic constituency the DLC has worked so hard to court.

Here is the flaw in the DLC's strategy: it has always sought to take over the Democratic party from the top. In ignoring the grass roots, though, the DLC is attempting to dismiss a populist rage that politicians such as Gephardt and, on the Republican side, Pat Buchanan, are exploiting. In reinventing the Democratic party, the DLC has antagonized key constituencies.

For now, at least, such problems are not acute—at least not acute enough to detract from the DLC's gloating over the GOP's current problems. At a gala dinner following the conference, Gore credited the DLC with helping transform the Democrats into a mainstream party, then tweaked the Republicans: in the GOP, he quipped, "the right hand doesn't know what the far-right hand is doing." The guests chuckled, sipped their wine, and reached for the shrimp. At least for an instant, the Democratic Party's soul seemed intact. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANATOMY OF A POLICY FRAUD

By Stephen Glass

In Normal, Illinois, life has always been just that. There are good schools and packed churches. After work in the summer, townsfolk flock to a sandlot in back of the National Guard Armory to watch fast-pitch softball and eat the locally manufactured delicacy, Beer Nuts. For as long as anybody can remember, crime has been under control in Normal—and, for just as long, Normal has been Republican country. Ronald Reagan once campaigned here. So did Gerald Ford. Normal, they said, reminded them of how America was before liberalism turned Main Street over to the muggers, rapists, and gun-toting gangs.

This August, however, something abnormal happened: a Democrat came to campaign. It was Senator Carol Moseley-Braun, and—even more remarkably—the subject of her whistle-stop was crime. Flanked by local police chiefs and dozens of officers from nearby cities, the senator gave the same speech she would give in 16 other cities that week, reminding her audience that it was President Clinton who had put more cops on the streets and instituted stiffer penalties for criminals—that it was the Democrats, not the Republicans, who were tough on crime. "The cops would find themselves cheering," recalls one Normal officer. "I mean they hate Democrats, I hate Democrats, but I'll probably end up voting for her because she's for cops. She has made our town safer. Everyone is going to vote for her."

Until 1994, Moseley-Braun's appearance would have been unthinkable. At least since the 1960s, Democrats have been on the defensive about crime, answering Republican calls for more law and order with platitudes about education and rehabilitation. But three years ago, President Clinton sought to change all that with his 1994 crime bill, a measure that promised Americans more cops, fewer guns, and longer sentences for criminals. Passage would not come easily: Republicans thought it was too expensive and placed too many restrictions on local communities; some Democrats thought the get-tough-on-crime approach was too stiff. But Clinton spent a considerable amount of political capital on the measure—to the exclusion of other causes, such as national health care—and today he calls it one of his lasting achievements. "The crime bill," he boasts, "is producing results—putting more cops on the street and keeping violent offenders behind bars longer."

Politically, the law has indeed worked wonders, as Moseley-Braun and other Democrats can attest. When the bill was signed, the Democratic approval rating on crime hovered around 50 percent, according to one GOP pollster; today, it is 72 percent. But as a matter of policy, the law's impact is only now coming into focus. And it turns out to be nothing like the grand achievement Clinton and the Democrats have been touting. While crime is down nationwide, there is little evidence that Clinton's crime bill had anything to do with that decline. In fact, it may have even slowed the decline. The guns Clinton supposedly banned are still readily and *legally* available; cities can't afford the 100,000 cops, which may mean the federal government will have to keep financing them in order to keep them on the beat; and the criminologists' fears that the three-strikes law would backfire are starting to come true, putting yet more strain on an already overburdened criminal justice system.

The administration knows all of this. Somewhere in the bowels of the Justice Department sits a devastating report on the crime law's impact, compiled by the American Society of Criminology. But while Attorney General Janet Reno personally asked for this report during a 1994 speech to the society, the Justice Department says it has no plans to publish it. They have good reason to be afraid—and so, ironically, do politicians on both sides of the aisle. The report reveals not only how a policy being widely advertised as a success knowingly defied a sound scholarly consensus. It also shows, along with a slew of other evidence, how Washington can produce a full-scale legislative farce.

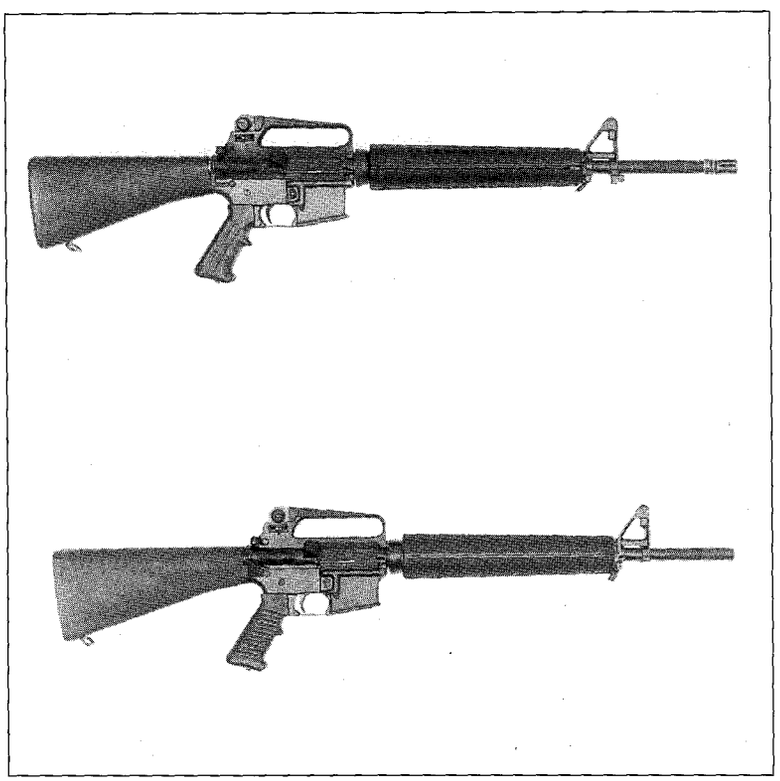
Few elements of the crime bill were as politically potent as the ban on assault weapons, which offered gun-control advocates a rare opportunity to defeat the powerful National Rifle Association. In 1994, President Clinton and other proponents of the ban made impassioned pleas for the proposal, arguing that there was no reasonable justification for allowing such weapons into circulation. (Who needs an AK-47 to kill deer?) Despite stiff NRA opposition, the ban passed. Gun-control advocates and many Democrats hailed the measure as a tri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

umph, and celebrated on the Capitol lawn.

But while the assault weapons ban was good politics, its impact on public safety may have been, at best, negligible. For starters, the crime bill only banned the sale or trade of assault weapons manufactured after September 13, 1994. Guns built before that date remain legal, and while no one knows exactly how many are on the streets, assault weapons are regularly advertised at gun shows and in the back pages of *Shotgun News*.

The more serious flaw in the assault weapons ban, though, was its language. "Assault weapon" is not an official classification used by gun manufacturers, so in crafting the gun ban, Congress had to find a way to specify which weapons would be illegal. Lawmakers settled on two methods. First, they banned several weapons, such as the AK-47, by name. Second, they described the elements of assault weapons, and decreed that any weapon meeting some of the criteria would be illegal. (For example, guns can't have a grenade launcher *and* a folding stock attached.) Thus, a copycat of the AK-47—that is, a gun with the exact same features—would be illegal too.



COPYCAT ASSAULT WEAPONS
TOP: COLT AR-15, BANNED BY THE 1994 CRIME BILL
BOTTOM: OLYMPIC ARMS PCR-1, LEGAL UNDER THE SAME LAW

It didn't take long for the gun manufacturers to grasp what now seems obvious: just so long as a copycat weapon didn't satisfy *all* of the banned criteria, it could still pass legal muster. All a manufacturer had to do was to take an existing banned weapon, modify it slightly (say, by removing the special muzzle), and then market it under a different name.

This is precisely what happened with the Colt AR-15, one of the best selling assault weapons before 1994. The 1994 crime law banned the AR-15 by both name and description, and Colt complied, ceasing all manufacturing. Within months, however, a rival gun company, Olympic Arms, began shipping a nearly identical weapon to stores under a different name—PCR-1, for "politically correct rifle." The big variation? No mount for a bayonet and no flash suppressor (a device that reduces the flash of light that comes with the gun's blast). The differences are barely cosmetic (see illustration). But they are sufficient to make the weapon legal. Less than a year later, another manufacturer, the Eagle Arms Company, began marketing its own AR-15 clones—the M15A2 and the M15A3 Predator.

During the debate over the crime bill, the NRA and other gun-control opponents had claimed the assault weapons ban would hurt only collectors and hunters—not criminals. Considering what has happened so far, they may have been right. Criminals, unlike collectors, don't care about a weapon's name or whether all its parts are from the same manufacturer. They care about functional features, like a gun's weight, and what kind of ammunition it takes. They can always add prohibited accessories using kits sold over the Internet and at gun shows. Collectors, on the other hand, care about names and manufacturers; asking them to buy a kit is like asking a Corvette collector to install a Ford engine.

Another politically potent plank in the Clinton crime plan was the promise to put 100,000 new cops on the streets by the year 2000. This achievement was a staple of Democratic Party television advertising in the 1996 campaign, and it was a prominent theme of candidates on the stump. Even former New York City Police Commissioner Bill Bratton said the crime bill is what influenced him to endorse Clinton over Dole: "While the Republicans talked tough on crime, Clinton did something."

Again, the logic seemed unobjectionable. The basic idea was not to federalize policing, but to have Washington pay up to 75 percent of the new officers' salaries, with the understanding that, within three years, local governments would pick up the whole tab. The grants would be administered through a Justice Department division, the appropriately titled Office of Community Oriented Policing Services (COPS). Although the price tag struck some as hefty—$8.8 billion—Clinton reasoned that since the cities would eventually be paying for the police on their own, the investment was worthwhile.

But the communities taking on the new officers may not be the ones that most need them; indeed, a 1995 General Accounting Office study found that communities were getting COPS grants irrespective of their actual crime rates. Towns that had fewer than 25 crimes per

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1,000 people were just as likely to get grants as those cities with more than 75 crimes per 1,000. Meanwhile, it turns out that many of the communities who got COPS officers are smaller towns—with smaller budgets and smaller crime problems—who don't really need additional officers and often can't afford them.

One such city is Harleyville, South Carolina, population officially estimated at 867. As long as anyone can remember, Harleyville's police force has consisted of two officers, which was plenty. But Harleyville applied for a COPS grant—and, in 1995, got it. As one local told me: "If President Clinton needs 100,000 officers, and we get it almost free, why not stick as many as we possibly can right here in Harleyville?"

Harleyville's new officer came on board in March 1995, but a problem soon emerged: there wasn't much for him to do. The chief assumed a more supervisory role and, locals say, improved the department's public image. Since Harleyville wasn't footing the bill, the townsfolk went along—just as they did when the chief recently suggested the town get *another* COPS officer. That addition gave Harleyville a citizen-to-officer ratio of more than one officer for every 300 people, unusually high for a community with so little crime.

Now, however, Harleyville confronts a dilemma: the federal grant is running out, and the town doesn't know where it will get the money to make up the difference. "We're trying to plan for it ahead of time, but we already have a very tight budget," explains Katrina Hackworth, the Harleyville town clerk. "I don't know exactly how or even if we will be able to work it in."

The same is happening elsewhere. Small towns—some more needy than Harleyville—are having a hard time coping with the funding problem, and some are even contemplating layoffs. According to a study by the Cops & Justice Foundation, an organization that collects and sells law enforcement data, more than half of today's COPS positions won't exist two years from now. Lincolnville, South Carolina, for example, has two officers, one of whom is paid for by a COPS grant. Keeping the officer would be expensive: the grant itself accounts for almost one-third of the city's entire police budget, while the city is having trouble paying for essential repairs to the local fire station.

"Our study found that this whole thing was a really silly idea from the beginning," explains Anne Pyrne, the Foundation's executive director. "What we as a country forgot in 1994 is that the reason these cities don't have more cops is because they don't have the money for the cops. Or, for whatever reason, they want to put the money into schools or libraries or fire departments." Pyrne's study of more than 100 communities found that fewer than 20 percent had "detailed" plans on how to pay for the officers once the subsidy ended.

This may not seem like the most tragic thing in the world—unless, of course, you happen to be a COPS police officer staring unemployment in the face. At worst, it would seem, the administration was simply too hasty in its grant approval process. But the administration hasn't corrected the mistake. Indeed, despite all of these problems, it's pushing *more* cops on communities that don't need them.

Taylorville, Illinois, for instance, recently turned down Washington's offer for another officer for funding reasons. "The Justice Department kept saying to us: 'Oh come on, take the money,'" explains a Taylorville town official. "But we couldn't in good faith say we'd keep him on staff." St. Albans, Maine, turned down a second COPS grant this summer. That city's *only* officer comes from a COPS grant. "Look, for years we got along pretty well without any," explains area resident Richard Hew. "We can't sustain two or three cops. There would be more officers than burglars." Suburbs of bigger cities that have larger, more established police departments—such as Verona and Plum outside Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—find themselves in similar predicaments, straining to take over the expense of current COPS officers while having Washington push more officers on them than they can likely afford.

So why has the administration remained so persistent? Justice Department spokesman Bert Brandenberg says the academic studies don't match what's really happening. Few communities, he said, have told Justice that they're having trouble. "The mayors have to sign a pledge to keep the officers, so they are finding creative ways," he added. Some are even increasing their sales tax to raise the necessary money. But Donny Tye, a former California police officer who is writing a book about the COPS grants, says Justice would be the last to find out if a city was having problem. "If you are scrambling to uphold your end of the deal, you're not going to tell the lender until the very last minute," he said. "Otherwise you might lose more money."

It's not hard to see where this is going: "What I predict is that by 1999 you are going to have the same lobbyists who come back every year to get farm subsidies starting to work for police departments," Pyrne said. "They are going to need cop subsidies. If anything, cops are politically more compelling than peanuts." That, in fact, may already be happening. During her swing through downstate Illinois, Senator Moseley-Braun announced that she would soon be introducing a bill making the federal government's grant for officers permanent. Asked by an officer if permanent funding conflicted with the whole idea of seed money, Moseley-Braun reportedly rolled her eyes and said they both achieve the same goal: 100,000 more cops.

From the outset, the third major provision of Clinton's crime bill—the three-strikes law—was wildly popular with the voters. It was also wildly controversial in academia, as scholars from different disciplines—and different political perspectives—argued that the idea either makes no difference or, in some cases, makes matters worse. In particular,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many experts believe that mandatory sentence laws keep people in jail long after they would commit any more crimes. Not only does this drive up costs (keeping somebody in prison is expensive). It also fills up so many prison beds that younger criminals—the ones most likely to commit crimes again—are released earlier.

It was this kind of objection that prompted Attorney General Janet Reno to solicit the opinion of criminologists. In a 1994 speech before the American Society of Criminology (ASC), Reno told the scholars that the White House "urgently" wanted to know the scholarly consensus on twelve major issues. The next day, the ASC formed a task force for each area; within months, each committee had agreed upon a set of common principles drawn from existing research.

The reports, however, did not reflect well on the crime bill. Most damning was the "three-strikes" report, which said the "short term effects of this [mandatory sentencing] include a clogged court system causing rising court costs and intolerable delays in civil cases; early release of sentenced felons to make room for three-strikes detainees; and increased discretionary power for prosecutors...." "Criminologically speaking," the report said, three strikes "makes little sense."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The report specifically looked at the efficacy of state-level three-strikes statutes. In Nevada, for example, the cost of a state three-strikes law would be more than $287,000 per inmate. A Nevada criminologist estimated that the federal statute would cost one and one-half times more than that since Nevada is more efficient in housing prisoners. (So far, it's too early to tell precisely how much it's going to cost since three-strikes is so new.) In state after state, three-strikes laws have strained court resources, because criminals litigate their cases rather than pleading guilty to a felony which would put them behind bars for life. The report concluded with a plea for the National Institute of Justice, the research wing of the Justice Department, to study alternatives and help convince the public of the "true cost and consequences" of three strikes.

After receiving the report, Jeremy Travis, NIJ's director, thanked the ASC for "this remarkable contribution to improving our understanding of the issues of crime and the challenges of justice." But months went by and NIJ didn't publish it. Eventually, ASC's outgoing president, Jim Short, called NIJ officials to see if they ever intended to publish the findings. "The ASC would not have coordinated this, if it hadn't been for Janet Reno's request," former ASC president Freda Adler said. After all, the study's authors invested hundreds of research hours—all for no pay.

But this spring, Short says he received a response from NIJ: the reports would not be published. "I don't know exactly what happened," Short explained. "They didn't have to publish it." Brandenberg, the Justice spokesman, says NIJ didn't publish it because the reports weren't peer reviewed. Reno did, however, meet with the authors; Justice posted the reports on a web site, printed summaries in the NIJ journal, and sold it through the National Criminal Justice Reference Service. But many ASC members and one senior Justice staffer says all that is just a masterful way to avoid actually publishing the report, which in criminology means more than just disseminating—it's also giving a stamp of approval. "It didn't need to be peer reviewed—it was a summary of already peer-reviewed studies," says the Justice staffer. "In the end, they didn't publish it because it's embarrassing. This is how you kill a report."

And, over the past two months, I found the reports not to be available from NCJRS. On two occasions, NCJRS told me that the study did not exist. On the third try, they again said the report did not exist; when I insisted that it did, the order-taker promised to look into the matter and call me back. Hours later, I received a voice-mail message from a woman identifying herself as "NCJRS reference." She said she was sorry, "but we can't send you that document—we've been told that it was not intended for public consumption." •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Intriguers

At the Karlovy Vary Film Festival in 1964, I attended a symposium of directors from Eastern and Western Europe. The discussion soon centered on the subject of social concern. The Eastern directors thought that film had a responsibility to deal with social problems, and most of the Western directors agreed. Then the French director Edouard Molinaro said: "Ladies and gentlemen, in France a director's first responsibility is to survive."

Which Molinaro has done; since then, he has made over 20 films. Not many of them have earned great distinction, and even fewer have been shown here, but he has kept working. The two Molinaro films best-known in the U.S. are *La Cage aux Folles*, Parts One and Two. Now his latest work appears here, **Beaumarchais, the Scoundrel** (New Yorker).

A fascinating subject. Beaumarchais is one of those playwrights who are firmly lodged in the history of drama though they spent relatively little time writing plays. Vanbrugh was, in most of his life, an architect; Sheridan was a member of Parliament and a theater manager, among other things. Beaumarchais (1732-99), the son of a watchmaker, practiced that profession for a time, engaged in several kinds of business, in politics, in law as a magistrate, and in gun-running (supplying arms to America during the Revolution). From time to time during these occupations, which were interspersed with numerous amours, he wrote some plays, two of which were *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro*. These two took care of the matter of immortality, with or without Rossini and Mozart.

The chief trouble with Beaumarchais as a film subject is that his life is too bountiful. Molinaro and his co-writer, Jean-Claude Brisville, began with an unpublished play by Sacha Guitry, which they found to be as unfocused, they say, as the protagonist's life. The resultant screenplay organizes the life into patterns with some success, but it can't quite get over a hint of breathlessness as it tries to be both selective and representative.

Molinaro, as director, is by now highly adept. He never surprises us with anything unusual (and he too often begins new sequences with hurrying horses and carriages), but he never lags, either. In period films British filmmakers seem to do best with the nineteenth century, French ones with the eighteenth. Molinaro relishes the rococo, in costume and custom, and is quite comfy in it.

His one damaging misstep is in the casting—of the title role. Fabrice Luchini is a skilled and assured actor. Those who saw *Colonel Chabert*, taken from Balzac, will remember Luchini as Chabert's lawyer. (I saw it again the other evening and was gripped once more.) But Luchini, who has reticent strength, lacks the quintessential for this role—sparkle, charm. We never feel that this man would be able to get out of any scrape, financial or political or amorous, simply through the quality of his being. As Beaumarchais, Luchini does nothing wrong but not enough right.

Still, there's a special dividend of pleasure. The cast is decked with familiar faces: Michel Serrault, of the *Cage* films and *Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud*, as Louis XV; Michel Piccoli, of too many films to cite, as the Prince de Conti; and Jean-Claude Brialy, on hand since the earliest New Wave days, who began handsome and improved with age. Brialy plays an abbot here and gives him dignity. A decade ago he might have done Beaumarchais himself, which would have turned a fairly pleasant film into one that sparkled with filigree.

It's hard to imagine a film that began with a designer because a producer wanted to make a picture using that artist's designs, but it's equally hard to imagine that **Gattaca** (Columbia) began any other way. The designer was Jan Roelfs, from Holland, who did *Prospero's Books* and other films for Peter Greenaway, as well as Greenaway TV projects and Sally Potter's *Orlando*. Anyone who has seen Roelfs's work will know that his is a talent not to be subjected to such considerations as story and acting.

Gattaca is a science-fiction film of the "not-too-distant future." Its title is the name of an enormous establishment where projects in genetic engineering are carried on and out. For this environment Roelfs has designed vast rooms in generally dull monochrome, which make us feel that everything takes place within a cold, relentless machine.

The story, insofar as it holds together and makes itself felt in this anesthetic atmosphere, is about a young man who wants to take part in a space launch even though he hasn't been properly engineered genetically and who pretends to

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Boogie Nights. *People making porno films in L.A. in the late 1970s. The writing and directing by Paul Thomas Anderson, plus the acting, treat that subject with such scathing honesty that some large American darknesses are hinted at. (Reviewed 11/10/97)* **In and Out.** *An assembly-line farce worth seeing only because it proves that homosexuality is now an assembly-line Hollywood subject. (10/20/97)* **In the Company of Men.** *A Restoration comedy up to date. Neil LaBute's debut film is a cruel comedy about a prank that two men play on a young woman. First-class in every way. (9/1/97)* **Mrs. Brown.** *The mystery of Queen Victoria's relationship with her Scottish groom John Brown is engagingly explored, though left, as it must be, unsolved. (8/4/97)*—**SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be someone else in order to be accepted. Of course there are numerous electronic identification checks (as in Kubrick's *2001*), of course there are plots and counterplots, but the sum of it all, when it isn't confusion, is torpor.

The young man is played—played at—by Ethan Hawke, sentenced to failure by the dim role. A friend, wheelchair-bound, who supplies him with skin scrapings, etc., to fool the identity tests, is tolerably agonized by the English actor Jude Law. The love interest, not nearly interesting enough, is Uma Thurman, whose recent rise to prominence is one of the major minor mysteries of contemporary film. The manager of the plant is done by Gore Vidal, his head shaking slightly all the while, not with palsy but with ripe self-assurance. More interesting is the brief appearance of Ernest Borgnine as the head of the janitorial department of the place. If Borgnine still wants to work, can't something better be found for this Old Reliable?

The writer and director was Andrew Niccol, born in New Zealand, who has been working in England as a writer and director of commercials. Not a bad background for filmmaking. Whenever I'm in England I look at TV commercials; like commercials in other foreign countries, they tend to be more imaginative, more assumptive of a grain of intelligence in the viewer, than American commercials. But, in his first feature film, Niccol doesn't show, as yet, any clear sense of cogent, progressive drama. He relies overly on ambience.

Which is to say, on Roelfs. •

Millions of Strange Shadows

BY FRANK KERMODE

The Art of Shakespeare's Sonnets by Helen Vendler

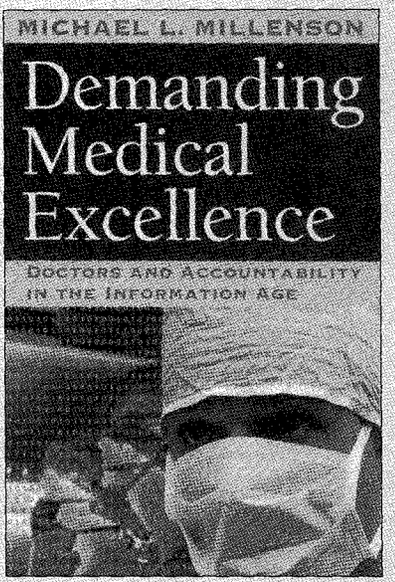
(Harvard University Press, 672 pp., $35)

In 1978, when Stephen Booth published an edition of Shakespeare's sonnets—his dual purpose was to help the lay reader and to satisfy the expert—he made certain observations on the nature of his task. The common reader, he argued, simply isn't bothered by passages that stretch the understanding of the expert. Sometimes "a reader will see the speaker's point without understanding (or knowing that he has not understood and cannot in any usual sense understand) the sentence that makes the point." Booth is an expert with a passion for syntactical and semantic ambiguities and overlaps. The value of the sonnets, for him, is less what they seem to be plainly saying than what they can be found out to be surreptitiously adding to it. Sometimes they do this in ways that set up contradictions between the plain sense of what the poet is saying and the covert senses deriving from his virtuoso manipulations of language.

Although this situation is held to be generally true of all the sonnets, there are some that are especially challenging to the editor or the commentator. Booth's word for such a challenge is "a devil's puzzle," and such puzzles have been explained, or explained away, in dozens of different ways. Sometimes the interpretation of an entire sonnet is disputed—an obvious example would be Sonnet 94, "They that have pow'r to hurt, and will do none." More often the crux is a single line or quatrain. Booth happens to choose Sonnet 16 as his example of a devil's puzzle.

We had better have the whole sonnet before us, though the discussion turns mostly on the third quatrain, lines nine through twelve. It is necessary to add that the sonnet is a sort of follow-up on 15, "When I consider every thing that grows/Holds in perfection but a little moment," of which the lay person probably has no difficulty in following the sense: men are like plants, they flourish, fade, and die, but the poet will fight nature and time in an attempt to preserve in verse the beauty of his friend. Sonnet 16 then asks whether the youth shouldn't take a better way than this, and perpetuate his beauty more efficiently by marrying and having children, a course that the poet has advocated several times in the earlier sonnets:

> But wherefore do not you a mightier way
> Make war upon this bloody tyrant Time?
> And fortify yourself in your decay
> With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
> Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
> And many maiden gardens, yet unset



Demanding Medical Excellence

Doctors and Accountability in the Information Age

Michael L. Millenson

"Finally, a health care book that doesn't wring its hands over the decline of medicine at the hands of money-grubbing corporations.... While Millenson is not an all-out HMO defender, he attacks the conventional wisdom that their cost-cutting puts all patients in danger.... This is a readable account of what Millenson calls a 'quiet revolution' in health care and his optimism makes for a refreshing change."
—*Publishers Weekly*

Cloth $24.95

Available at bookstores.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Visit us at
http://www.press.uchicago.edu

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With virtuous wish would bear your living
flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair
Which this time's pencil or my pupil pen
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live drawn by your own
sweet skill.

A common reader, who in any case will not enjoy all 154 sonnets equally, might feel that he or she can here detect a clear enough thought that is not given very clear expression. This is a fault of Shakespeare's long since pointed out by Dr. Johnson: "It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in such words as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and resolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it."

Indeed, much arduous leisure has been bestowed on this sonnet. We have had three full-scale editions since Booth's, all expert, all good in their various ways, all having a lot to say about that quatrain. What are the "lines of life"? Lineage, offspring, lines on the hand as read by a palmist? Lines drawn by a portraitist? Booth points out that a reader might well understand "So should the lines of life that life repair" to mean "So should the lines of life *which* repair life," and the "Which" of the next line, forcing us to treat "that" as a demonstrative, though it cancels this interpretation, does not abolish it; it is hanging around there. Booth, in what I take to be the most brilliant of the commentaries, is keen to show how much is always hanging around. In this, though he is less cavalier and more explicit, he is a descendant of William Empson, who began his remarkable career by showing how much there was hanging around in the line "Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang." Naturally Empson had a go at the lines of life, pointing out, among much else, the ambiguity of the word "should."

There is just as much ingenious commentary on the "time's pencil" line, but it would be extravagant to go into that now. The question I am getting round to is, what kind of commentary has Helen Vendler provided? Her book is not an edition, though she makes some textual changes and observations. She accepts, for example, the old and (I think) unnecessary change of "he" to "she" in line 8 of Sonnet 41, and, not being an editor, she sees no need to defend the reading. The sonnet says that the speaker is not too hurt by the thought that his young man attracts the attentions of women:

Beauteous thou art, therefore to be
assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's
son
Will sourly leave her till he have prevailed?

Changing "he" to "she" seems sensible on the face of it, and the emendation was made in the eighteenth century; yet "he" may not be wrong. It could be making a slightly less expected and subtler point, namely that the woman's business may be to prevail upon the man to believe that he is doing the prevailing. One can't have both readings, and editors and commentators must make up their minds about such things. Here Vendler, normally a bold and independent spirit, has preferred what I suppose is the consensus view (though it is not Blakemore Evans's).

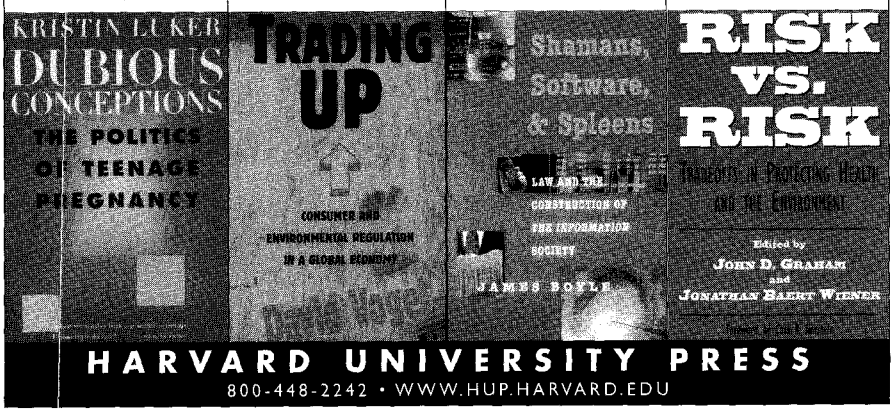
On other matters Vendler feels no need to choose between views, and the effect of this immunity is to distance her commentary from what common readers may think their natural or rightful interests. She does not speculate about the identity of the young man addressed in the first 126 sonnets, nor of the Dark Lady of sonnets 127-152. I myself see no reason why she should. The sequence

DUBIOUS CONCEPTIONS
The Politics of Teenage Pregnancy
KRISTIN LUKER
1996 NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW NOTABLE BOOK
"A very important work...Luker makes a compelling case that the familiar portrait [of teenage mothers] we have been shown so often is the reflection of a public mood rather than a demographic reality...[A] wise, thoughtful book."
—Kai Erikson, NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW
"[A] stunning new account of how both liberals and conservatives 'constructed' an epidemic of teenage pregnancy. Luker's meticulous research challenges the myth of an epidemic."
—Ruth Rosen, LOS ANGELES TIMES
$14.95 paper

TRADING UP
Consumer and Environmental Regulation in a Global Economy
DAVID VOGEL
"This interesting book systematically examines the original European Community, the Single European Act, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade and its 1979 standards code, the U.S.-Canada Free Trade Area, and the more recent North American Free Trade Agreement... Vogel finds that, while counterexamples do exist, trade liberalization on balance has strongly reinforced environment-improving regulations."
—Richard N. Cooper, FOREIGN AFFAIRS
"Well written...and will repay reading."
—JOURNAL OF ENVIRONMENTAL LAW
$17.95 paper

SHAMANS, SOFTWARE, AND SPLEENS
Law and the Construction of the Information Society
JAMES BOYLE
"James Boyle's unusually adventurous [book]...examines the ideological and practical issues raised by the figure of the author in contemporary law and legal theory...Boyle succeeds admirably [and] develops a terrifically engaging discussion of various problems in legal theory such as blackmail, insider trading, and the ownership of one's genetic code."
—Adam Bresnick, TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
"Boyle [offers] insightful and very sharp analyses."
—Deryck Beyleveld, JOURNAL OF LAW AND SOCIETY
$15.95 paper

RISK VERSUS RISK
Tradeoffs in Protecting Health and the Environment
JOHN GRAHAM AND JONATHAN WIENER
FOREWORD BY CASS R. SUNSTEIN
"One would be hard pressed to find a more important topic than risk tradeoff. Whether addressing the health of individuals or the ecosystem of the planet, Graham and Wiener advocate a proactive, holistic approach rather than heuristic, piecemeal reactions to emergencies-of-the-month...An important, even pathbreaking book."
—James B. Lane, POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY
$18.95 paper



HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
800-448-2242 • WWW.HUP.HARVARD.EDU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

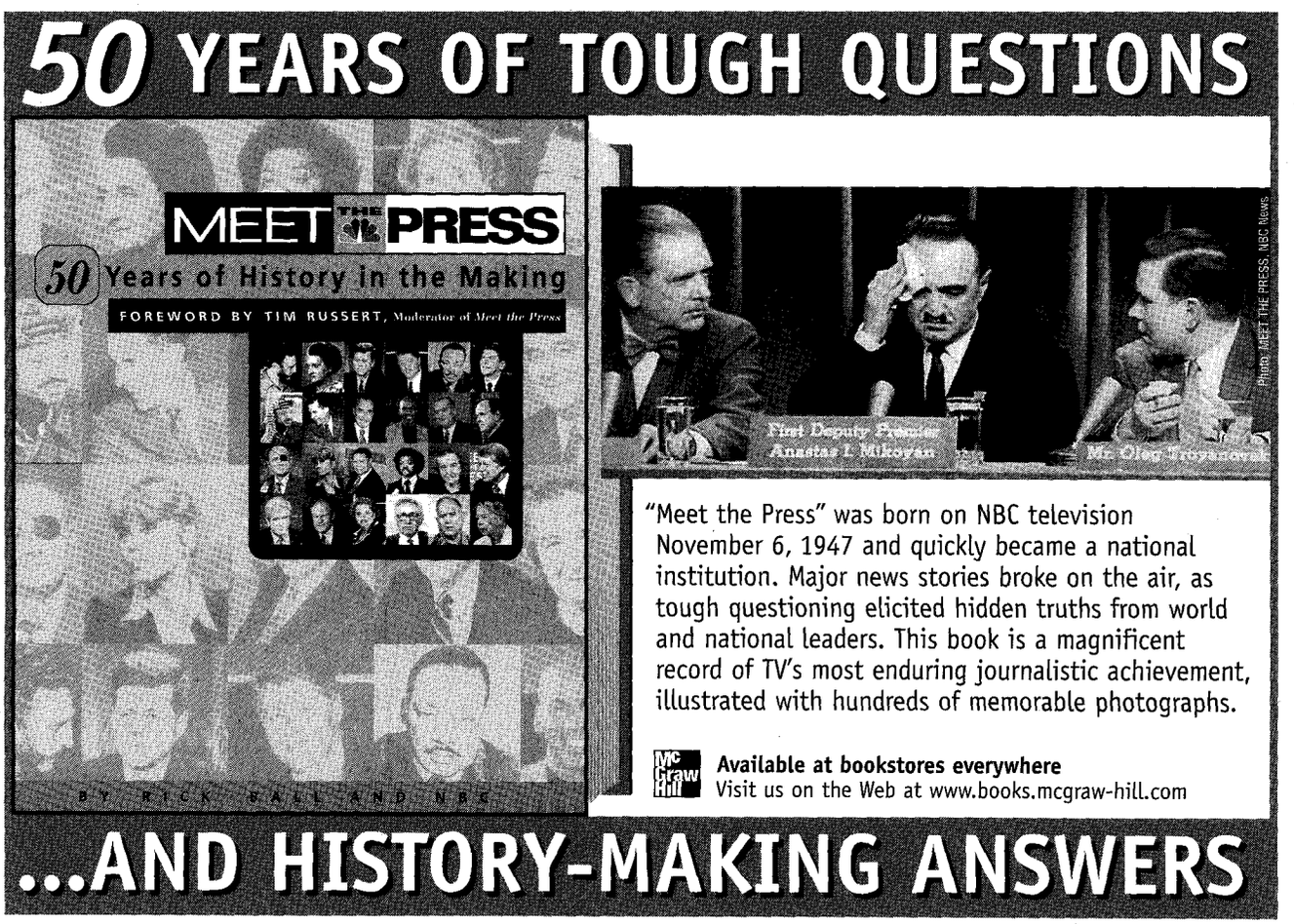
involves a Young Man and a promiscuous Lady; these figures, erotically associated with the speaker of the sonnets, become erotically involved with one another. There is a story, a scandal allusively mentioned, and it has for a very long time seemed to hundreds of commentators that the story is incomplete unless one can identify the originals of the characters. Young Man and Dark Lady in themselves are not enough, being masks and not real people who have become involved, as masks hardly could, in an interestingly steamy threesome.

But modern scholars simply don't allow this. John Kerrigan, in his New Penguin edition, perfunctorily mentions some candidates for the role of Young Man: William Herbert, Henry Wriothesley, Willy Hughes, the boy actor invented by Oscar Wilde, and others with the initials H.W. or W.H. (Mr. W.H. is "the onlie begetter" to whom the book of the sonnets is dedicated); and Mary Litton, Lucy Negro, Emilia Lanier, and others for the Dark Lady. He adds that "none of this matters much," and Blakemore Evans in the New Cambridge edition refers all who care about the matter to the vast Variorum edition of Hyder Rollins, with its "awe-inspiring" list of candidates. Still, there are those, including the late A.L. Rowse, who have regarded the detection of the originals as essential to the study of the poems. (Rowse heavily backed Emilia Lanier.) Of course, those names are proposed only because something—in some cases, quite a lot—happens to be known about them on other grounds. And although Shakespeare's job ensured that he had contacts in aristocratic, theatrical, and what might be called bohemian circles, we know little about his social life; and it is more probable, after all, that any historical originals would be persons quite unknown to fame.

Clearly, there is here a divide between the interests of casual readers and the interests of professional readers. It appears that most people prefer to read biographies of authors rather than their works. They seem to have a prior and perfectly legitimate interest in personalities. But the professionals apply themselves to other issues, and the attitude of contemporary commentators and editors is reflected in what Kerrigan says. Or perhaps he is too gentle; to the professionals, none of this matters *at all.* I admit that this formula accurately expresses my own feelings.

Again, like most modern editors, Vendler is content to leave the sonnets in the order in which they were first published. The argument about Shakespeare's homosexuality or bisexuality is not her primary business. Still, she is more interested in it than Booth, allowing that both sequences, addressed to the man and to the woman, have sexual infatuation as their inescapable motive. Indeed, she has some strong words on this subject, offering the Freudian observation that the homosexual infatuation of the first part is subliminally linked, as it were, to the choice, in the second part, of a promiscuous woman (desiring "to be anchored in the bay where all men ride"). Yet as a rule Vendler avoids this kind of thing. Her main task is to deal with the sonnets as poems, in themselves; and she makes clear what this entails by remarking that "I do not regard as literary criticism any set of remarks about a poem which would be equally true of its paraphrasable propositional content."

Although she insists on elaborate occult ties that give the entire sequence order, Vendler treats the sonnets one by one, finding in each of them its own structure but also something that it shares with the rest—the trick of repeating in the couplet words, or variants of words (all counting as "Key Words"), which occur in all three preceding quatrains. Some will find the application of this principle, which she calls the "Couplet Tie," rather strained; it can sometimes depend on an assonance or even on an anagram. And the rules are such as


50 YEARS OF TOUGH QUESTIONS
MEET THE PRESS
50 Years of History in the Making
FOREWORD BY TIM RUSSERT, Moderator of Meet the Press
BY RICK GALLAND NBC
Photo: MEET THE PRESS, NBC News
"Meet the Press" was born on NBC television November 6, 1947 and quickly became a national institution. Major news stories broke on the air, as tough questioning elicited hidden truths from world and national leaders. This book is a magnificent record of TV's most enduring journalistic achievement, illustrated with hundreds of memorable photographs.
Available at bookstores everywhere
Visit us on the Web at www.books.mcgraw-hill.com
...AND HISTORY-MAKING ANSWERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to make it impossible for the commentator to lose: we are told that the *absence* of a key word is equally significant.

This formalistic approach ensures that Vendler's commentary, like Booth's, is addressed primarily to the scholar or the serious student. Her claims on their attention have no false modesty. She says of two very famous sonnets, 116 ("Let me not to the marriage of true minds") and 129 ("Th'expense of spirit in a waste of shame") that their "moral substance has not been properly understood because they have not been described in formal terms." We are presumably to understand that now it will be. And she repeatedly makes plain her disagreements with her predecessors. Thus Booth is accused of being so concerned with his overlapping structures that he is satisfied to remain in contented irresolution rather than choose among interpretations; he makes "too ready a surrender to hermeneutic suspicion." No predecessor has paid proper attention to the sonnets as poems; and if Vendler can afford to be politely condemnatory throughout on the lucubrations of the admirable Booth, she has understandably little time for poem-avoiding psychological and gender criticism. Astonishingly (when one considers the vast bulk of commentary), she claims that the Shakespeare's sonnets have never had decent attention; only ten or fifteen of them have been given the full treatment by critics.

Obviously this is a book to be worked through, rather than simply read. Vendler remarks ruefully that "total immersion in the Sonnets ... is a mildly deranging experience to anyone," and this derangement, as well as conferring advantages, may take also a benignly paranoid form. She literally knows the sonnets by heart, and has worked on them for years, but even so she has to admit that she is occasionally baffled. In her introduction she actually prints a cento-sonnet, a sonnet that she has herself constructed from lines written by Shakespeare, in order to demonstrate that the real thing is different, this fake having "no structural coherence, no logical development."

This, I think, is not quite true. Vendler undervalues her own poem to enhance her praise of Shakespeare's. It seems worth saying that not all the sonnets are truly worth the attention that she declines to offer to her own. At moments she suggests agreement with this opinion by giving some poems rather scant attention. And sometimes, she says, she has "not been sure of the 'game' of a given sonnet," but that there is a good game to be detected she is reasonably certain. She has too high an opinion of her poet's intelligence and skill to register a temporary lapse into the obvious, the vacuous, or the tedious.

It might have strengthened rather than weakened her book to have considered the possibility that some of the games are not worth the candle. Certainly there are poems here that contain lines that assault one's sight with a sudden glory: for instance, "Nativity, once in the main of light/Crawls to maturity." In such passages different discourses are mingled, and the result is the kind of thrill in which most readers delight. One gets it again in the lines that delighted Keats, the harvest sheaves "borne on the bier with white and bristly beard." Yet even Wordsworth, himself an indefatigable but sometimes fatiguing sonneteer, complained of a general "sameness" in the sequence, and by the time one reaches 108 ("What's new to speak, what now to register,/ That may express my love, or thy dear merit?") one may be inclined to agree; though of this particular sonnet Vendler finds a lot to say, including the observation that it contains an "aural pun" on "wrinkles" and "ink." So she does not agree with Wordsworth, and goes to some trouble to refute the charge made by John Kerrigan, in his good Penguin edition, that Sonnet 105 is "dull" (it almost admits as much itself), saying that "the poem is one of Shakespeare's many witty defenses of the (apparently) invariant matter and form of the *Sonnets*."

It sometimes occurs to me that those of us who truly want to preserve Shakespeare's position of eminence (and there are people who in one way or another seek to dislodge him from it) would do well, now and then, to speak of his bad moments as well as of his good ones. He will do very well without bardolatry. Not that Vendler overtly practices anything of that vulgar kind. She has made a great effort to familiarize herself with the mind of an author whose resources she rightly assumes to be immense. It nowadays seems much to his credit that he was rarely interested, as some sonneteers were, in mere rhetorical decoration—a point she makes in her introduction and frequently in her commentary.

But let us go back to Sonnet 16 and see how Vendler deals with it. She devotes a long and ingenious essay to Sonnet 15, but she is briefer on its sequel, Sonnet 16, having almost nothing to say about the "lines of life" except that "lines" may be a pun on "loins." She spends more space on the argument that "*ward*, read backwards, yields *draw*," which is somehow held to explain the odd use of the word "drawn" for "procreative activity." There is a discrepancy, she argues, between the martial opening and the imagery of the maiden garden; perhaps, in this last of the sonnets urging procreation, "[t]he speaker may feel his biological arguments exhausted," or perhaps he has become so personally attached to the young man that he has lost interest in the desirability of his getting married. Still, the key words "your self" and "war (drawn, inward, outward)," together with "live" or its representatives "living, life" or perhaps even "flowers," occur just as they should in all three quatrains and then in the couplet. These preoccupations indicate the idiosyncrasy of Vendler's interests; little of what she says is anticipated by other commentators.

This method is employed consistently throughout, but I will give only a sample or two. Sonnet 20 ("A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted") is the one on which turns much of the argument about the author's sexuality. Vendler calls it a little myth of origin. Nature has made a beautiful woman but, falling in love with her creation, has added a penis to the model ("pricked thee out for women's pleasure"). She detects a number of dirty jokes (puns on "acquainted," lewd play on "one thing" and "no-thing") and says the key word is "woman." She finds it bizarre but true that the letters of the word "hews (hues)" appear in "as many lines as possible." Yet she says little about "master-mistress," although, according to Kerrigan, this "hint of eroticism flusters interpreters and drives them to extremes." While Blakemore Evans, in the New Cambridge edition, begins his long and learned note by remarking that the phrase "has probably generated more heat than any other in the Sonnets," it has not flustered Vendler. Booth stays very cool; for him the sexuality of the Sonnets is of the Sonnets only, and tells us nothing about the life of their author. Vendler does not believe this, but her commentary is cooler still. Her eye is fixed on the language of the poems, and on their occult structures.

Sonnet 42, like 40 and 41, is about the young man's having an affair with the poet's woman. Vendler makes the dubious point that since the youth is not called "thou" in the last five lines as he is in the first nine, a reduction in intimacy is being suggested. But he isn't called "you," either; and in any case the Elizabethan rules about *tutoyer* were never very firm. (Explain Artemidorus's warning to Caesar: "If thou beest not immortal, look about you.") This pronominal plot looks imaginary to me. Of course, the whole enterprise is very challenging; one isn't expected to believe everything.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One difficulty is that Vendler rarely gives expression to her undoubted love for these poems. In Sonnet 53, she mentions the topic of shadow and substance and its Platonic ancestry, but she never cries aloud with pleasure at the boldness of "millions" in the second line:

> What is your substance, whereof are you made,
> That millions of strange shadows on you tend?

And there is little sign of excitement in the treatment of Sonnet 65 ("How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea, / Whose action is no stronger than a flower?") with its extraordinary legal intrusions; and nothing to explain why "that affable familiar ghost / Which nightly gulls him with intelligence" in Sonnet 86 is unforgettable. Instead we have learned observations: "The phonetically and grammatically tautological pun—'thou *art* all my *art*'—which conflates the copula and its predicate noun.... "

On "They that have pow'r to hurt, and will do none" (Sonnet 94), Vendler's comment concerns its structure (moving from the social to the vegetable). Sonnet 107, which includes the famous line "The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured," is praised for its Latinity and its etymological puns; it is not this commentator's business to discuss who or what the mortal moon was, though other critics think the mysterious allusion helps to make this one of the most difficult of the sonnets. Attempts on it are varied and numerous: the Spanish Armada with its crescent formation; the queen's climacteric (thought to occur at age 63, a dreaded multiple of seven and nine); an eclipse of the real moon in 1595; and so on. Rightly or wrongly, people want to know what had been prophesied ("And the sad augurs mock their own presage"), and what the reference to peace means ("And peace proclaims olives of endless age"). Of course they can look elsewhere, and it could be maintained that in any case they will not find a secure answer.

The discussion of the famous Sonnet 116 ("Let me not to the marriage of true minds") turns on the argument that it is written in reply to the young man, who has been saying, more or less, "For my part I have to admit the possibility of impediment to the marriage of true minds," and we are advised to read it so: "Let me not.... Love is *not* love," and so on. He has been employing a disingenuous "utilitarian rhetoric" to make this deplorable case that love does alter, and can be removed with the remover. Now he is being corrected. This "reinscription" idea may seem plausible enough in the context of a series of bitter sonnets of betrayal, but surely it is, in the end, merely a fancy, not to be proposed as the master reading. There is an interesting comment on the difficult 121 ("'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed"), though it seems questionable that this first line exhibits "moral desperation"; I have always taken it to be sour and resigned. But Vendler is always explicit, and it is easy to disagree.

The Dark Lady sequence starts with 127, and Vendler likes it less than 1-126, but it is possible—indeed, I find it easy—to prefer it. Still, she gives these poems the full treatment. She is very good on 128 as a sexual *jeu d'esprit*, and on "Th'expense of spirit" (129). She seems to miss the tone of 130 ("My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun") and spends her space warning against a palpable misreading that few will make. Sonnet 138 ("When my love swears that she is made of truth") is a wonderful poem, more resigned than bitter; the speaker is a clever man trapped in an affair that calls for fantasies and lies that he is by now too weary or too disgusted to enjoy. (We would think the lover on the downslope of age, but the first version of the poem appeared in 1599, when Shakespeare was 35. Perhaps that was the downslope.)

Sonnet 144 ("Two loves I have, of comfort and despair") makes a point of what Kerrigan calls "intricate bawdry," calling for more explanation by editorial commentators than it is part of Vendler's program to provide. Another puzzler is the remarkable 151 ("Love is too young to know what conscience is"). Vendler, here following Booth, who is learned on dirty words, finds a genital pun in "conscience." (Can this be what Hamlet meant when he said "conscience doth make cowards of us all"?) Of course this poem does depend on its double meanings. Of the grim 152 ("In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,/ But thou art twice forsworn to me love swearing"), Vendler admirably remarks that "the reader admires the clarity of mind that can so anatomize sexual obsession while still in its grip, that can so acquiesce in humiliation while inspecting its own arousal.... "

This book is a great achievement, the work of an author with an almost devout passion for good poems, a passion that the academy has not succeeded in killing. Vendler insists that her purposes are aesthetic, often enough saying that her predecessors' were not, yet her book is deliberately dry and, for some readers at any rate, fearsomely technical. Ideally, it should not be used until one has worked with Booth or, better, some more

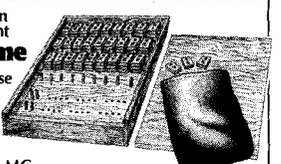
Gifts for Musicians
If you love music, our new catalog of fine hardwood music furniture may delight you. Music stands, sheet music cabinets, instrument stands and more. FREE catalog.
Call toll free 800-324-5200
or 650-324-5000 aldenlee@aol.com
Alden Lee Co., Dept. NRPRX
1215 Chrysler Drive, Menlo Park, CA 94025 USA

GOVERNMENT FORECLOSED HOMES FROM
pennies on $1. Delinquent Tax, Repo's, REO's. Your Area.
Call Toll Free: 1-800-218-9000
Ext. H-4377 for current listings

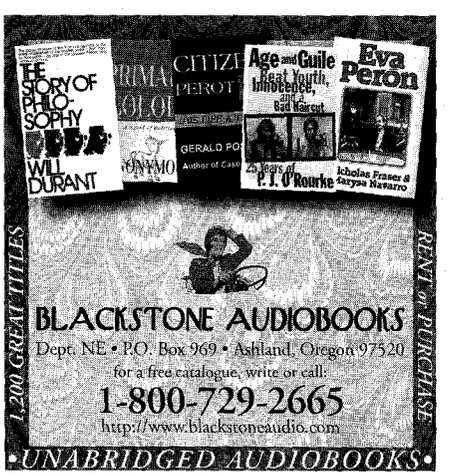
SEIZED CARS FROM $175.
Porsches, Cadillacs, Chevys, BMW's, Corvettes. Also Jeeps, 4WD's.
Your Area. Call Toll Free, 1-800-218-9000, Ext. A-4377 for current listings.

FREE CASH GRANTS!
College. Scholarships. Business. Medical bills. Never Repay.
Toll Free: 1-800-218-9000 Ext. G-4377

Perfect Gift for Recommended by Burt Hochberg, Senior Editor of Games Magazine
Word Lovers
VEX® Made in Vermont
the word game
- Wooden Carrying Case
- 107 Wooden Tiles
- Wooden Score Pegs
- 100% Cotton Burgundy Pouch



▸ Check, m.o., Visa or MC
▸ 100% Money-back Guarantee
$44.95 +s/h *Free giftwrapping*
Wood-on-Brook Games
PO Box 222, Dept. R16
Winooski, Vermont 05404
1-800-789-GAME
or 1-802-864-7386
Holiday Specials 2 for $74.95 3 for $89.90
s/h: $5 per game (Canada: $8)
Limit: 3 games per order



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conventional editor. Blakemore Evans has the right kind of solid learning and the right desire to explain. As I write, a new Arden edition, by Katharine Duncan-Jones, is about to be published; Vendler salutes it in passing, and it will have the advantage of printing poem and comment on the same page. Like the others I have mentioned, and also the Ingram-Redpath edition of 1964/1978, it will no doubt cater to readers on the lower slopes as well as more practiced climbers, for whom alone this devoted and expert commentary is intended.

FRANK KERMODE is the author, most recently, of *Not Entitled* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

Foul Play

BY MARTHA C. NUSSBAUM

The Anatomy of Disgust by William Ian Miller

(Harvard University Press, 320 pp., $24.95)

Aristotle's students did not want to study the parts of animals. Recoiling in disgust from the study of blood and flesh, they found the distant stars cleaner and more appealing. But Aristotle advised them not to "make a sour face" at biology. Once, he told them, some visitors wanted to meet the famous philosopher Heraclitus, and when they arrived they "found him in the kitchen, warming himself in front of the stove." (Scholars suspect that this sentence really refers to toilet activities.) They halted outside, but Heraclitus said: "Come in, don't be afraid. There are gods here too."

William Miller is one of Aristotle's unregenerate students. He finds nothing but disgust in the contemplation of what he calls "thick, greasy life." No gods here: just ooze and stench and corruption, "the grotesque body, unrelenting physical ugliness, nauseating sights and odors ... suppuration, defecation, rot." Miller maintains that our disgust with our own feces and sweat and hairiness and semen is a major element in our humanity—not only in the personal life, where it explains why sex is "so difficult," but also in public life, in political life. We are creatures who aspire to the cleanness of the stars, to "purity and perfection." And fueling a great part of that striving, in Miller's view, is disgust "with what we are ... that we live and die and that the process is a messy one emitting substances and odors that make us doubt ourselves and fear our neighbors." Believing that any adequate investigation of these connections requires a multidisciplinary humanistic inquiry, Miller, who is a law professor at the University of Michigan, has written a wide-ranging and rich account of the emotion of disgust, drawing on psychology, literature, and history—all filtered through his own vivid narrative of the phenomena of bodily existence.

Miller recognizes that he is investigating (and expressing) a sensibility that has been shaped by an age-old Christian tradition linking disgust with sex, and linking both with the female body. Miller officially distances himself from this tradition's "gloomy and foul-spirited misogyny," but he doubts whether it is possible to distance himself from the "more generalized misanthropy" that lies behind it. Where misanthropy is concerned, he never tries: like Swift, he finds bleak pleasure in contemplating his own alienation from life. He sometimes tries to criticize misogyny, but this soon yields to a fascinated expression of its core ideas, as Miller repeatedly portrays the vagina as foul, smelly, and contaminated, and sex as a source of disgust to men as soon as its passion to defile its object is exhausted. Oddly, this doesn't make one dislike him. Miller is too astute about himself, too sad (and also very funny) about where all this has left him. Far from using these notions to dominate anyone, Miller seems, like Gulliver at the end, to be having enough difficulty just getting through a day with his fellow Yahoos. "Life," he reflects, "must be packaged just right not to make us cringe when it touches us." Perhaps the only way one can write well on this topic is to be unhappily in its grip.

Miller's book has three goals: to analyze the emotion of disgust; to give an account of when and where people experience disgust in daily life and in the sexual realm; and to investigate the role of disgust in morals and politics. Many writers about disgust have treated it as a bare feeling, with little or no cognitive content. Miller argues powerfully that this approach is inadequate. Disgust actually has a very complex and sophisticated cognitive content. Disgust is "*about* something and in response to something." It is not like a stomach flu: it "necessarily involves particular thoughts, characteristically very intrusive and unriddable thoughts, about the repugnance of that which is its object." These thoughts revolve around the notion of a particular type of danger for the self, "the danger inherent in pollution and contamination, the danger of defilement." Disgust evaluates its object both as base and as a threat. Thus it is closely linked both to fear (for the self) and to contempt (for the object).

Miller does not deny that, among the emotions, disgust has an especially intimate connection to the senses, but he does deny that this entails that disgust is just a bodily feeling. The connection to the senses comes through ideas: the defilement is seen in a uniquely sensory way, and described in a characteristically vivid sensory idiom. Disgust is "more visceral" than other emotions not because it is less concerned with evaluation, but because "no other emotion forces such concrete sensual descriptions of its object."

Miller draws here on recent work in cognitive psychology, especially on the work of Paul Rozin, who stresses disgust's sophisticated cognitive character. But he argues against Rozin's claim that disgust originates in the areas of food rejection and anxiety about our animal origins. Plausibly enough, Miller holds that disgust has many different scenarios. While in some sense a cultural universal, it can take on a variety of forms, as societies shape both its relationship to other emotions and its sense of its proper objects. This does not mean that disgust lacks an evolutionary role, an adaptive significance; Miller plainly thinks that it does, though he is not very interested in the issue. Those origins might give some disgust-experiences a certain rigidity or prominence; but they would not prevent the kind of social shaping that Miller describes.

It is important to note that one can accept this general analysis of the emotion—which is very well argued—without being utterly convinced by the chapters that follow, where Miller presents as universal data of human experience his own account of the typical objects of disgust. Indeed, his theoretical account calls his subsequent chapters into question, suggesting that any single cultural scenario is likely to be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

incomplete. But in one way the analysis is skewed by the phenomenology to come: Miller is so convinced from the start that disgust is "a necessary consequence of our consciousness of life itself—fat, greasy, teeming, rank, festering, viscous life"—that he pays little attention to connections between disgust and ideas of surprise or invasion. He mentions Mary Douglas's theory of boundary violation and pollution, suggesting that it might explain some aspects of the disgusting; but the suggestion never gets developed, so convinced is he that everyday life, without violations, is all the emotion needs.

Those who do not share Miller's extreme aversion to the quotidian may find an account modeled on Douglas's a valuable supplement to his theory. Here, for example, are two of my own core experiences of disgust. I go to the kitchen sink to do the dishes, and a baby bat, which has somehow gotten into the pipes, sticks its head up out of the drain. And at the Chicago Lyric Opera, near the end of the first act of *Norma*, a male stranger seated next to me vomits on my coat and then slumps into unconsciousness, leaving me stuck in my (non-aisle) seat with the stuff for the next fifteen minutes while June Anderson sings, undisturbed, about the gods' revenge. The peculiarly awful nature of these experiences is not explained by Miller, and could be explained by Douglas, who would connect my feeling of contamination with the sudden breaching of the boundaries by which we protect our safety. Bats should not intrude next to dishes and food; vomit is threatening when it invades the decorous precincts of the opera house. (You might say that Miller's core disgust experiences are ordinary sex and defecation, whereas mine are more like rape.)

Miller's reader now launches into the center of his book, a set of chapters describing disgust's occasions and objects, and the thoughts that lie behind the experience. He meticulously charts the connections of disgust to each of the bodily senses, describing with a wonderful richness of literary and historical detail the likely objects of the emotion (mostly bodily emissions) and the likely metaphors that characterize the disgusting qualities of these objects (slimy, mucky, viscous, oozy, scabby, and so on). The account is so erudite, so witty, and in a way so true (in that it seems on target about many people and many cultural norms of purity) that one can easily forget that the question of its social origins has already been put on the table, and can thus forget to ask to what extent Miller thinks he is uncovering relatively inflexible human universals.

It would seem that Miller does claim universality for the phenomena described; and yet what he gives us is a vividly rendered first-person account, bolstered by highly selective reference to his own culture. Sometimes he uses his own children as exemplars, as if their behavior (as they shrink from various types of contamination and dirt) proves the universality of a deep pre-cultural human repugnance toward bodily functions. In fact, the reader is likely to judge (as he guesses in one footnote) that children brought up by such a father are not a neutral sample of humanity. Too often, then, the parochial gets treated as the inevitable, and the question about cultural construction doesn't get squarely faced.

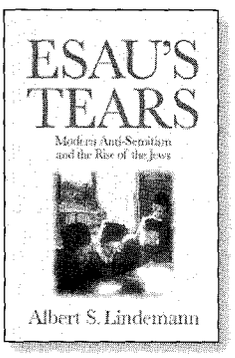
Consider Miller's account of sex. He says that, of all the bodily emissions, semen is the "most powerfully contaminating," with "the capacity to feminize and humiliate that which it touches." He argues that countless stories in a variety of cultures embody the idea that "male sexuality, embodied in an organ reminiscent of a slug that emits viscous ooze," pollutes the female, by the emission itself and by fertilization, making the vagina a "teeming, moist, swampy" place of "rank fecundity and generation." Joined to these thoughts is the thought

Explore the Past

Esau's Tears

Modern Anti-Semitism and the Rise of the Jews

Albert S. Lindemann



In clear, moving prose, *Esau's Tears* explores the remarkable and revealing variety of modern anti-Semitism, from its emergence in the 1870s in a racial-political form to the eve of the Nazi takeover, in the major countries of Europe and in the United States. In contrast to previous studies, Lindemann suggests that anti-Semitism in these years was more ambiguous, less pervasive and central to the lives of both Jews and non-Jews.

59369-7 Hardback $34.95

Now in paperback...

Stauffenberg

A Family History, 1905-1944

Peter Hoffmann

"...[Peter Hoffmann] is one of the leading historians of the resistance."
– New York Review of Books

"Decades of exhaustive research are telescoped into a swift biographical narrative, at times matter-of-fact and at times unexpectedly passionate. It is the first book to do justice to the strangeness of Stauffenberg's world."
– Slate

62988-8 Paperback $19.95

Available in bookstores or from

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

40 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011-4211 Call toll-free 800-872-7423
MasterCard/VISA accepted. Prices subject to change. Web site: http://www.cup.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that semen is emitted "under conditions that are dignity-destroying, a prelude to the mini-shames attendant on post-ejaculatory tristesse." The vagina is viewed as disgusting not so much in itself as because of what it tolerates, and it is more contaminated by semen than the penis is by having been inside it. "Since penises penetrate, they, like knives, do much less damage to themselves than they do to the other."

All of this, Miller notes, is a male view of semen, connected to self-loathing and to a fear of decay and death. He is well aware that these are the attitudes that lie at the origin of a great deal of misogyny, as males somehow come to blame the female for their own feelings of disgust and fear. And yet he acquiesces in the view at the same time as he criticizes it. He represents himself as sharing the attitudes described, and clearly views them as more or less inevitable. He never looks for alternative views, male or female.

It is no surprise, then, to find him endorsing, apparently as universally correct, the Freudian view that sex is made exciting and desirable only by the allure of hidden disgusting things. Disgust keeps desire in check, holding men back from excessive indulgence, and also creates the conditions under which desire can be sufficiently aroused to make intercourse possible. This means that men will desire sexual objects whom they believe they can defile—that a crucial part of what they desire is the pleasure of defilement. Once they have achieved this disgust-mingled pleasure, moreover, another type of disgust, the disgust of surfeit, arises to take its place. "Once our bodily appetites have been sated we do not want to be reminded of our prior uncontrolled urges." Referring here to Adam Smith (hardly an authority on the female body), Miller approvingly cites as "compelling" his account of surfeit, which begins "When we have dined, we order the covers to be removed," and he goes on to characterize the female body as similar to the plate from which one has just finished eating.

The reader cannot help recognizing here a familiar and highly influential male view. But what follows from this recognition? One is inclined to say, yes, plenty of men do see women that way, but one can quickly learn to detect the signs of that attitude and to keep out of the way of those who hold it. One is next inclined to say, how sad to go through life so constituted. But few readers, whatever they say, will agree with Miller that this is a complete account of what has aroused desire, even male desire, even in post-Christian Western culture. It leaves out too many things: the sense of wonder; the delight in beauty; the feeling of being taken over by something that one does not control; the sensation of losing one's boundaries; curiosity; the pleasure of being seen and known; the pleasure of seeing and knowing. Even the many pleasing ways that bodies smell and taste. These are things that are pleasant not simply because they are gross.

Think of the moment in the film *Elmer Gantry* when Jean Simmons, an evangelist tired of her sanctimonious entourage, makes a date with Burt Lancaster because "you smell like a real man." That is not a sign of the allure of the low; she just means that she is pleased and aroused by the way he smells. She associates the smell with fun and outrageousness and playfulness, with the relief of being able to be both an animal and a person, as opposed to a religious figurehead. Miller gives no time to these other sources of arousal; and he plainly agrees with Freud that none of them would suffice to "swell the tide of the libido to its height" (Freud's words) without the prospect of a loathsome roll in the sticky smelly ooze. Well, one can only say, not everybody is like that.

Love, says Miller, changes everything. When love is on the scene, various rules of disgust are relaxed or even suspended. Loving spouses endure one another's flatulence, bad breath, nose hairs, and so on, just as loving parents endure their children's diapers (something that Miller, predictably, says he had a hard time doing). And apparently love makes sex possible without disgust. On Miller's own account, however, it is hard to see why people who love each other would want sex at all. Freud, indeed, thought that they would not want it, or not very much: men need a degraded object to find sexual pleasure, and the wives for whom they have tender feelings do not arouse strong desire.

Miller hedges here, suggesting that people who love each other might still experience the "violative thrill" of "the mutual transgression of disgust-defended boundaries." But if the boundaries are no longer stoutly defended (as in love they are not, by his own account), and if the loved one is not thought of as disgusting (as she is not, by his own account), then it seems that there is little to thrill the Millerian lover. This comes about because his account of sex omits so much, and imputes so much to disgust, that when that prop is removed there is nothing left to get desire going. And so it is no surprise that the love of spouses merges into the love of parents for children, as if there really is no distinction between the two. Again, one can only say that Miller has given a wonderfully perceptive account of certain chunks of Western civilization. But he presents as the whole what is surely a (most unfortunate) part.

Miller follows his Freudian tack still further, producing an account of the progress of civilization (much indebted to Norbert Elias) that holds that civilization can be measured by the raising of the threshold of the disgusting, and by the repression or the concealment of the bodily. The more we find disgusting, and the less ooze and stench we tolerate, the more civilized we are. Miller's use of history here is highly eclectic and selective, as he leaps from the Icelandic sagas to the Middle Ages, and from there to the eighteenth century. He certainly does not persuade the reader that there is a unilinear progress of the sort that he depicts.

It is to some extent a mystery why people in different times and different places have had different levels of tolerance for dirt and smells. The average Roman soldier serving in Britain had better toilet facilities than most British people until well into the twentieth century. In much of India it is thought disgusting not to wash after a bowel movement, whereas in America we are content with

The Second Annual Irving Howe Memorial Lecture

"THE ALIBI OF ART"

Roger Shattuck
University Professor, emeritus,
Boston University

❧

Thursday, November 20, 1997
6 p.m.

Harold M. Proshansky Auditorium
CUNY Graduate Center
33 West 42 Street, NYC

Free and open to the public.

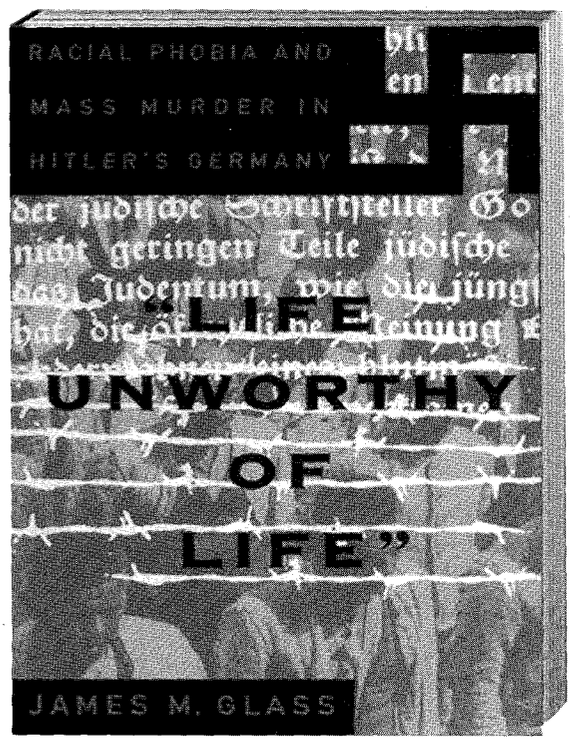
Sponsored by the Center for the Humanities, with a generous gift from Mr. Max Palevsky.

For more information
call (212) 642-2684.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Has Plagued Our Collective Conscience for More than Fifty Years . . .

How could the populace of Europe's most enlightened country embark on a systematic campaign of genocide against that continent's Jews? In his articulate and profoundly disturbing new book, James M. Glass examines the German medical establishment after World War I and dissects the methodology that proclaimed Jews to be a societal disease infecting the "purity" of the Aryan populous, an idea readily embraced by millions of ordinary Germans. Based on overwhelming documentary evidence, *"Life Unworthy of Life"* takes a hard look at what makes sane people do insane acts, and draws us closer than ever before to understanding the incomprehensible.



"A powerful rebuttal to the hypothesis that the German people were indifferent to the suffering of the Jews, "*Life Unworthy of Life*" painstakingly documents their enthusiastic embrace of the Final Solution. A major contribution to understanding man's inhumanity to man."

—Jerrold M. Post, M.D., Director, Political Psychology Program, George Washington University, and co-author of *Political Paranoia: The Psychopolitics of Hatred*

"The horror of Nazi bio-politics that dictated elimination of those whose blood and very flesh was viewed as tainted and a pollution is here explored with exemplary analytic clarity."

—Jean Bethke Elshtain, author of *Democracy on Trial*

"This is compelling scholarship that enlarges our understanding of one of history's worst crimes."

***—Publishers Weekly*, starred review**

At bookstores,
or call 1-800-331-3761

A New Republic Book

BasicBooks
A Subsidiary of Perseus Books Group
Distributed by HarperCollins*Publishers*
http://www.harpercollins.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paper. What is not clear is that these things are by themselves an index of the society's level of goodness or human quality, as Miller seems to think. The Romans had great plumbing, but they also had gladiatorial games, and slavery, and barbarous punishments; and India's fastidiousness shored up the caste system and the seclusion of women. Nor does Miller ever entertain the possibility that bodily fastidiousness might be carried to excess—a thought that is bound to occur to his reader. It might be more civilized to undo the props of misogyny than to foster them, more civilized of Gandhi to clean latrines than of his fellow Brahmins to relegate that task to "untouchables."

Miller's final chapters are devoted to the moral and political aspects of disgust. Here his good sense and his Swiftean immersion in the physically repulsive point in opposite directions. In one brief section, Miller draws an interesting contrast between disgust and indignation, suggesting that the latter is morally and politically more reliable than the former. Indignation embodies reasoning about harm and agency that is, if true, morally relevant; whereas disgust's sense of the personally contaminating sweeps far too broadly to be a reliable indicator of moral defect. He points out here that disgust is linked not only with misogyny, but also, throughout the ages, with the loathing of Jews, who have been seen as hyperphysical sensuous quasi-feminine beings, and therefore as threats to the clean masculine style of advancing civilization.

Having gotten this far, Miller might have been expected to expand on the theme of disgust's political and legal irrationality, and to criticize his own account of civilization in the light of these reflections. There is certainly a lot to be said about the role played by appeals to disgust in the oppression of homosexuality, and about the links between anti-Semitism, misogyny, and homophobia. But Miller is too caught up in what he criticizes to remain critical for long. And, though a law professor, he seems to have no interest in the role of disgust in the law. His book soon veers abruptly round to the positive role that disgust allegedly plays in maintaining political boundaries. Asking whether democracy has managed to eradicate hierarchies of class and rank that were sustained by physical loathing for the lower classes, Miller answers, with Orwell, that it has not and could not. The contempt for the dirty, smelly body of the working-class person are just too deep in any middle-class person's education to be surmountable.

Miller, like Orwell, doesn't think that this is a tragedy, or a scandal. He accepts it as a fact of life, a limitation that our bodies and our sense of the civilized impose on our efforts to achieve equality. By the same argument, he could also show that equality between the sexes can never be fully achieved, since it will always have to contend with the inevitable disgust that men feel for the contaminating vaginas into which they have just ejaculated. And so the first question must be, what truth is there to any of these claims of naturalness or inevitability?

The disgust described by Orwell, in the horrifying account of his working-class landlords, the Brookers, in *The Road to Wigan Pier*, is clearly a disgust that he wanted to feel for the working-class body. He moved from house to house (as Miller notes) until he found one that was dirty enough to inspire it, and then he came to the reassuring conclusion that class hierarchy had an inevitable bodily basis. But it just isn't true that working-class people are especially dirty. The Brookers were appallingly dirty, but so too are many English upper-class people. (I bet Orwell ate off of dishes that had been soaking in dirty soapy dishwater and set to dry without any rinse—a truly disgusting English habit that transcends class and rank. Yet even extremely poor manual laborers in the slums in southern India generally bathe and use talcum powder every day.) Miller seems sometimes aware that Orwell's disgust is a way of insulating himself from social change; but at other times he endorses it as ineluctable and necessary.

The problem is the same as in his treatment of sex: Miller first sees, but then loses sight of, the fact that the disgust that grips him is a particular and highly questionable historical formation, one that has the social function of maintaining injurious hierarchies. The really democratic act would be to criticize and to undo that social formation. Walt Whitman saw that this meant recreating our entire relationship to the body, and that the underlying project of democracy was precisely to "sing the body electric," to establish that the locus of common human need and aspiration was fundamentally acceptable and pleasing—still more, that it was the soul, the locus of personal uniqueness and personal dignity. Slave's body, woman's body, man's body, all are equal in dignity and beauty:

> The male is not less the soul nor more,
> he too is in his place....
>
> The man's body is sacred and the woman's body is sacred,
>
> No matter who it is, it is sacred—is it the meanest one in the laborers' gang?...
>
> Each belongs here or anywhere just as much as the well-off, just as much as you,
>
> Each has his or her place in the procession.

It might be Miller himself whom these lines address. Miller may want to maintain, with Orwell, that the transformation that Whitman envisages is impossible. But then he needs first to come to grips with the physical-democratic ideal, with its realization in countless works of popular culture, and with its considerable reality in an America that sometimes does find bodies acceptable and appealing regardless of their class origins.

Indeed, as Whitman would have wished, the ideal goes further than simple acceptability, in the direction of a positive eroticization of the "real" body of the working class person as far more interesting than the washed-up (not to say washed-out) bodies of his class superiors. When Jean Simmons is aroused by Burt Lancaster's smell (and note that this is a tony British actress playing opposite a notoriously lower-class uneducated actor who began life as a circus performer), she doesn't mean what Miller would mean, that the very disgusting nature of his lower-class body both lures and repels her. No, she means that it is refreshing and arousing to smell real sweat after being around the sanitized and the sanctimonious: it gives her permission to be an individual, rather than a representative of various idealized and loathed characteristics. And, of course, Burt Lancaster is the only one around who doesn't feel disgust at Jean Simmons's body (even the concealed disgust of worship): that is precisely why he is the only man that this businesswoman in evangelist's clothes will allow near her.

These blind spots in Miller's view of democracy surface with particular clarity in a lengthy story, told with his customary combination of literary eloquence and curmudgeonly self-scrutiny, about a mason whom Miller and his wife hired to do some work on their home in Ann Arbor. A "large, beefy man," this mason inspires Miller with disgust and contempt. For one thing, he has several tattoos, which Miller reads as "signs of his will to vulgarity." For another, he wears his jeans so low that when he bends over "his rear fissure (oh, the trials of decorum!) was exposed"—a posture that Miller cannot imagine himself ever willingly assuming. And the mason didn't like him either:

> He had already been on the job for a few days when I rode up on my bicycle, back-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pack on my back, said hello and continued pedaling back to the garage. The mason said to my wife, "He a teacher?" The failure of the "is" to introduce that question captures only some of the contemptuousness of his tone.

This wasn't the end of the exchange. One day, when Miller's wife was wearing a T-shirt that read "Save Endangered Mammals," the mason (probably familiar with such righteous attitudes) came to work wearing one that said "Crack Kills," but "inscribed beneath a cartoon of a human being crushed between the cheeks of a naked backside." Miller feels contempt yet again, but he also sees that the mason is expressing his own contempt for the solemn style of the haute bourgeoisie. Miller uses the story to argue that while democracy has not removed disgust and contempt based upon class, it has created more space in which the lower can dish out the same attitudes toward the higher.

But consider what Miller does not tell us. Does the mason have a good body? (Some stray remarks suggest that the answer is yes.) When the guy bends over, Miller sees only the disgusting; but that's not the only way one might tell the story. A likely element of sexual display escapes Miller's notice completely, because he is so busy reacting in horror to the mason's lack of decorum. And isn't the T-shirt more of the same, a flaunting of an earthy masculine aggressiveness toward Miller's wife with her sanctimonious Millerian mottos, and toward the husband for whose style of masculinity he has unreserved contempt? Miller notes that the juxtaposition with the mason's T-shirt turns his wife's T-shirt into some sort of joke, but he doesn't seem to see that the joke could be against his whole outlook on life. Put the wife's T-shirt on Jean Simmons, and it can be read as mammalian humanity's plea for rescue from the etiolated purities of a civilization that is unable to put up with itself.

The serious Whitmanian point is this: if we think about the "body electric" with love and erotic excitement rather than with disgust, we will also see that in a crucial sense class doesn't matter, because sweat and muscle and hunger and thirst really do not differ. "Do you not see that these are exactly the same to all in all nations and times all over the earth?" Democracy creates a space in which one can be that kind of equal physical being, with needs and interests similar to those of every other one. Or, again in Whitman's words, "This is the meal equally set, this the meat for natural hunger.... I will not have a single person slighted or left away."

Critical Companion to the Russian Revolution 1914-1921

Edited by Edward Acton, Vladimir Iu. Cherniaev, and William G. Rosenberg

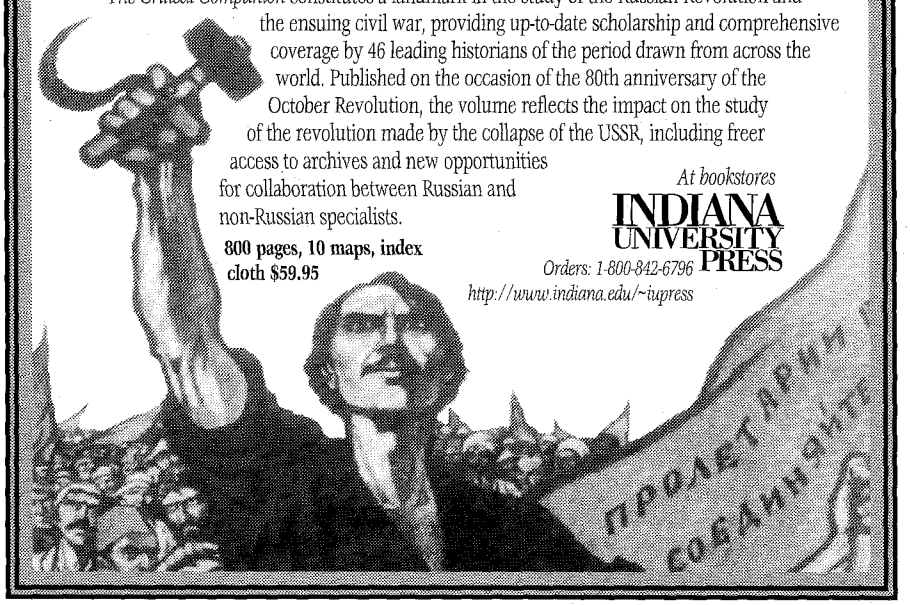
"One of the most comprehensive surveys of the new information becoming available about the Russian Revolution and of the new interpretations of the revolutionary period. . . . this is a wide-ranging assessment of an area of historiography in the process of being reborn." —Kirkus Reviews

". . . breaks the mold of the anti-Soviet paradigm." —Library Journal

The Critical Companion constitutes a landmark in the study of the Russian Revolution and the ensuing civil war, providing up-to-date scholarship and comprehensive coverage by 46 leading historians of the period drawn from across the world. Published on the occasion of the 80th anniversary of the October Revolution, the volume reflects the impact on the study of the revolution made by the collapse of the USSR, including freer access to archives and new opportunities for collaboration between Russian and non-Russian specialists.

800 pages, 10 maps, index
cloth $59.95

At bookstores
INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Orders: 1-800-842-6796
http://www.indiana.edu/~iupress



The 1998 Ethnic Cultures of America Calendar

Depicting how the 106 Ethnic Groups continue to celebrate their "Ethnicity" in Today's America

The Calendar Contains:

- Dates of Cultural Holidays of America's Ethnic Groups
- Dates of Religious Holidays of American Ethnic Groups (Christian, Buddhist, Judaism, Muslim, Hindu)
- An Indexing explaining the meaning of the major Religious Holidays
- Pictures (each month) of how different Ethnic Groups continue to celebrate their culture
- Three color format in a 11" x 14" size
- Special introductory information and Definitions of Ethnicity
- The regions of the world that sent specific Ethnic Groups to the U.S.A.
- The latest U.S. Census Figures for each Ethnic Group in the U.S.A.
- A population chart of where *Today's* new Americans are coming from
- A presentation of the "Common Culture" of America

Order one or more for your classroom and/or library/home.
Also an inexpensive teaching aid designed for the classroom

Only $12.50 plus postage

Ethnic Cultures Calendar - NR
c/o Educational Extension Systems, P.O. Box 472, Waynesboro, PA 17268 - Phone Orders - 1-800-447-8561

☐ Please send me (1) calendar at $12.50 plus $3.45 postage ($15.95)
☐ For (2) or more calendars, please send _____ calendars at $12.50 plus $2.45 postage ($14.95)
☐ Check or Purchase Order enclosed
☐ Charge my credit card ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
Card No._____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whitman grasped something profound when he suggested that democracy could not succeed without overcoming a good deal of our bodily disgust and shame, and perhaps not without eroticizing (in a positive non-Millerian sense) some of the very things that used to arouse it. Without some such strategy of decontamination, women (and homosexual men, for whom women, in Whitman, are also proxies) could not become fully equal citizens. But Miller, who is in the American democracy, is crucially not of it. He cannot understand its animating principle. The misanthropic and misogynistic sadness that animates his brilliant book is also, from the standpoint of democracy, a barrier to the acknowledgment of human equality, a moral and political weakness.

But doesn't this suggest that justice and joy might go well together? It's a pleasing thought. Maybe it's true.

MARTHA C. NUSSBAUM's new book, *Cultivating Humanity: A Classical Defense of Reform in Liberal Education*, was recently published by Harvard University Press.

Bullets of Milk

BY ROBERT BOYERS

Toward the End of Time by John Updike

(Knopf, 334 pp., $25)

John Updike's new novel is set in the year 2020, not long after a brief but devastating war in which millions of American and Chinese citizens were killed. We see none of this killing, and we are told nothing of the causes that led to the war or that brought it to a close. Occasional references are made to the resultant aftermath, to a collapsed national economy and deteriorating office buildings, to a "depopulated" Midwest and abandoned neighborhoods; but we do not tour those neighborhoods or feel in any way the effects of the reported disaster. A passing reference to Chinese missiles, or to Mexico as a golden land of opportunity, will remind us that something consequential has happened, that the world out there is a place different in many ways from the world of 1997. But in virtually every respect the local world in which Updike immerses us is our—or rather, his—familiar world. It is not at all surprising to the reader of this novel that for Updike's eloquent alter ego, Ben Turnbull, "the collapse of civilization" amounts to little more than an inspiring rise in "the quality of young women who are becoming whores."

A retired investment counsellor with a large extended family living nearby in the Boston area, Turnbull is neither an idiot nor a monster. He is 66, and his depravities are practiced on a modest scale. He is as susceptible as the next man to twinges of remorse and pity; or so we are to believe. If the collapse of civilization seems to him remote, it is in part because his routine preoccupations and his immediate prospects have been little affected by the conflagration. When he speaks, casually, of "rapacity, competition, desperation, death to other living things" as "the forces that make the world go around," he is repeating a settled conviction that took root in him long before the recent disastrous events. He did not need reports of "the plains [as] a radioactive dust bowl" to instruct him on "the forces that make the world go around."

It matters to Ben very little, so far as we can tell, that the dollar is worthless, for in its place he spends a "scrip" issued by "corporations, states and hotel chains," and he can apparently buy whatever he wants, from private security guards to gardening supplies, from gasoline to Federal Express service. When he is ill, he drives to Boston from his suburban home to see a doctor, and he receives first-rate treatment at a hospital. He visits his grandchildren, attends parties, and carves turkeys precisely as he would have done if no apocalypse had occurred. For such a person, war and change are things that happen to other people. None of his children are said to have been lost or threatened by the nuclear exchange, and his eleven grandchildren would seem to face only the garden varieties of rapacity and desperation that fall to each of us.

Updike betrays no anxiety about the glaring inadequacy of his novel as an account of drastic political and social upheaval. He places his narrative in the hands, in the voice, of a man who sees what Updike usually sees. Turnbull is a bright man who can be counted on to say bright things in a language so precise and so fluent that he often reminds us of his creator. And he, too, has the habit of lingering for a time in the ample forests of his own prose. He reads books, entertains theories, and argues with himself about the status of virtue and the Nietzschean notion of *ressentiment*. He has little patience for actual politics, and he likes to retreat efficiently from troubling questions to manageable problems. These are tendencies of his temperament that Updike has no wish to condemn.

Ben Turnbull is a guide to nothing but the vagaries of his own frequently compelling intelligence. He acknowledges the facts of political reality much in the way that he examines more proximate facts, with a cool empathy, an almost aesthetic detachment. He is more than a little dreamy, eager to lose himself in "cosmic feeling" and to ride the surfaces of life for their "transcendent sparkle." He is more comfortable speaking about entropy than about hope or action. When he recites the facts—this happened, then that, then that—he is already pulling back from the thicknesses of history, drawing around himself a circle of certainty within which existence proceeds as it must, without the possibility that events in the great world will drastically disrupt his security and his routine.

He knows, of course, that events do sometimes disrupt, and that lives have been destroyed, or ended, as a result of particular conflicts. He registers changes in society; but for all his acute powers of observation, he has little sense of society as a contention of forces in which individual will and intelligence may often play a significant role. He knows how to hurt and to flatter, how to give and to resist, how to get on in the world; but he feels that he can no more control the local, small-scale forces impinging on his life than he can control the forces governing the nuclear exchange between China and the United States. He is a very observant quietist, whose passivity is the condition of his acuity. Amused that anyone would presume to learn or to grow by studying the world; he swells with a cruel satisfaction when he tells his young hooker-mistress "that I don't much care what happens in the world.... What Spin and Phil and the kids from Lynn do with the world is up to them. I just want to buy a little peace, day by day."

In the course of his retirement on a small but comfortable property not far from Boston, Turnbull is visited by a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

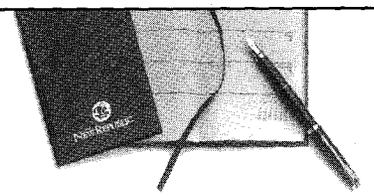
bunch of sleazy racketeers offering to sell him protection. Collectors for "local crime overlords," they are likened to "old-style" movie actors; and Updike is so in thrall to their banal cinematic features—one "rolls around in his mouth" a trademark toothpick, another issues sick threats "with a quick hitch in his shoulders"—that he is unable to invest them with even a trace of genuine malice or menace. The federal government can no longer protect its citizens, and the local police are without the resources to do much. How this can have happened we are not permitted to ask. It just happened. And in the same way we must accept that the predators can be kept more or less out of one's way, so long as they are paid. They may fight among themselves, but they represent no direct threat to Turnbull's well-being. Suspicious and a little put out at first, he learns quickly to accept what is a necessary evil, and becomes increasingly curious about his protectors. Ben accepts that people do what they must do to get along, extortionists no less than homeowners. What we call social order is an arrangement we do well not to look at too closely. Curiosity about this element or that is perfectly acceptable, so long as it is not underwritten by a nagging interest in social justice.

Ben's relations with these thugs resemble his relations with most other persons. He never gets too close to anyone, though he is curious about selected aspects of wives, children, lovers, clients. His present wife Gloria seems to him now and then a killer, eager for his death or his disappearance, though she sometimes ministers to him with a puzzling ardor. A former wife, Perdita, "loyal if unenraptured," with her "thick and rounded" soles and "little toes," sometimes seems less a person than a pretext for recalling odd potencies and transgressions. His prostitute mistress Deirdre, a thief and a preternaturally avid sex toy with "silken rivers of dark body hair," betrays, now and again, "as in every woman," "the hormones of nest-building." In all, Ben doubts most things, including his own unstable view of them. He wants from life nothing more than the same old paltry satisfactions that he derides. Now and then he wonders at "the mysteries of overplenteous life," or (somewhat less sublimely) at "the miraculous knit of the jockey underpants stretched across [his] knees" as he sits on the toilet; but these epiphanies rarely prevent him from feeling "dull" and unresponsive.

The action of the novel is very limited. Ben stays close to home, only occasionally venturing out to the office to do a bit of work, finding few colleagues who miss him. He golfs, reads, visits his grandchildren. When his wife is away, he shares his bed with Deirdre, who stirs him up and eventually leaves him for a more exciting criminal companion. He reaches out, at first reluctantly, then more eagerly, to the band of adolescent racketeers living in a makeshift shed on the outskirts of his modest property, offering them advice on extortion and, in the end, mildly mourning their demise. His thoughts range from "the vibrant magenta of crabapple" to marriage as "a mental game of thrust and parry played on the edge of the grave." He remembers his many failures and his frequent derelictions, but consigns almost everything in his experience to "Sisyphean repetitiveness" and "triviality." By far the most important event in his account of himself is his bout with prostate cancer, his struggle "in a narrow wedge of space-time beneath the obliterating imminence of winter." He issues resonant utterances about meaning and meaninglessness, about change and entropy, but he barely moves from the place he has settled in, and his special gift is to avoid "any thought that will tip [him] into depression."

What action there is in the novel is provided by Ben's rarely sluggish imagination. His journal entries move from one sensation to another, from the smell of a crotch to the dread of humiliation, from the springy hair on the head of a half-black grandchild to the "muffled thrumming" sounding through an open storm window. Often the impressions of the visible world are mild, picturesque, reassuring: "sunlight reflected from the granite outcropping warms the earth." A robin startled into flight, "a stuffy bird, faintly pompous in its portly movements, spoiled by the too many songs and poems unaccountably devoted to him," is a quaint emblem, familiar, comforting, literary. Calmly attentive to every little thing, Updike's narrator is especially alert to "repositories"—"in garages and basements and closets and attics"—that "pledge our faith in eternal return," though he is all too aware of an encroaching entropy, "when there is not a whisper, a subatomic stir, of surge."

Still, Ben is subject to powerful surges, to panics and to nostalgias and to seizures of fervor. He lurches uncontrollably from one time plane to another, trying on identities with a promiscuous, relaxed abandon. His journal entries allow for several varieties of free association: a narrative of Egyptian grave robbers, a fragment from the life of Saint Mark, the reverie of an early Christian



ANNOUNCING
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1998 POCKET DIARY

For years, we have been giving pocket diaries, embossed in gold with THE NEW REPUBLIC name and logo, to our writers, editors, and special friends in the media. The diaries have been so popular that they are now available to subscribers at a low cost, only $12.95 each.

The diaries, made by Letts of London, include weekly calendars with space for daily appointments, along with a wine vintage chart, a list of international dialing codes, national holidays, frequently used telephone numbers, and much more!

The pages are edged in gilt and carry a silken page marker. The diary itself is dark blue with featherweight light-blue pages.

This elegant and easy to use diary can be yours for only $12.95, *including* postage.

AVAILABLE FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

YES! Send me THE NEW REPUBLIC pocket diary, at $12.95 each.

Quantity: _____ **Total: $**_____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State____

Zip_____ Phone: _____

Write to: THE NEW REPUBLIC, Pocket Diary Offer, 1220 19th Street, NW, Suite 600, Washington, DC 20036

Check or Money-Order must accompany each order
(please allow 2-4 weeks for delivery)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monk, the brutal churnings of a uniformed Nazi, a so-called "good German recruited to guard an extermination camp." What the primary narrative lacks in tension and variety, these fragmentary narratives, with their air of peremptoriness and incompletion, of bluff yet authoritative improvisation, would seem to provide.

Yet it is Updike's sureness of touch that is generally sacrificed in these interpolations. The music of the prose remains intact, the full voice of a confident and exacting speaker recognizable even where, as in the musings of the early Christian monk, the language becomes slightly arch, the sentence structures noticeably more symmetrical, the perspective strained to accommodate "our Lord's birth of a meek virgin" and a "Providence in its miraculous patience [lending] scope so as to accumulate ungainsayable proofs toward the eternal damnation of their souls." It is exhilarating to move, without transition, from "one busy summer day" on which "it fell to [Ben] to fuck three women" to the reflections of a monk in sackcloth about to be put to the sword; but though we are disposed to applaud the sackcloth theater, we must wonder what purpose is served by these showy fragments.

We do not require conventional transitions, which in any case Updike occasionally provides, as when the sight of a Jewish doctor, naked in a locker room, suddenly stirs Ben to contrive the sequence in the Third Reich. But the fragments do not exfoliate. They tell us nothing about Ben except that, like any literate person, he can identify briefly with people about whom he has read in books. The sequences have no urgency in the design of the novel. Updike sticks with each of them just long enough to satisfy a modest aesthetic imperative. These fragments are shapely, clever, deftly edged, and intermittently poignant, but they amount, in the end, to discrete triumphs of superfluity.

Of course, the fragments belong to Ben Turnbull, and their telling us so little about him leads us to ask what instead they may reveal about the novelist. Is "antiquity" a key to Updike's vision in a way we had not previously suspected? Probably not. No more do the words "early Christian church" or "Holocaust" provide a critical lead. If the interpolations tell us little about Ben, they tell us little about the novelist; or little that we did not know before. It is hard not to see in Ben many of the standard views and obsessions that the novelist has expressed in many other writings. Ben is by turns wise and foolish, refined and coarse, playful and tendentious. He has an eye for color, line, and form, and also a predilection for philosophical or scientific speculation. Occasionally guilty or dissatisfied, he mostly gets on with his instincts and his appetites; and he is rarely restrained by the higher moralities. He displays a sometimes disarming affection for small things, for mannerisms and foibles. Like other Updike narrators, he is good at taxonomy and elegy, and though he finds little cause for optimism, he is frequently consoled by the comely surfaces of simple things. Saddened by the theft of a fine living room rug, he brightens when "its absence exposed a maple parquet whose beauty had been long obscured."

But Ben is most recognizably a standard Updike male in his sexual obsessions. He rightly describes himself as "like some horn-brained buck." Ben's erotic fantasies include a decidedly sadistic component; he is turned on by thoughts of desecration and enslavement. He is regularly aroused by the exposed shoulders of a step-daughter or a glimpse of a daughter-in-law's thigh. He cannot comprehend his married son's "patently monogamous affection" for his wife; fidelity seems to him peculiar, an atavism associated with a time before the disappearance of the gods. He is perpetually in search of erotic intoxication, of inflammation and submission. The "flesh-knot" of the anus is to him a recurrent temptation, and he likes the thought that the woman who "serves [him] with a cold, slick expertise" is also a teasing, "money-grubbing cunt" who can be screwed "until she squealed for mercy."

All of this, as Ben knows, is cast in the language of standard sexual fare, "constructed mainly of images from popular culture." Now, for a certain kind of writer—Don DeLillo, or Robert Coover—these susceptibilities and influences would be an irresistible opportunity to probe the inner consequences of mass culture, to consider its pernicious invasion of our dreams and our desires. But Updike, who no doubt sees as clearly as anyone else what has become of us, has no wish whatever to explore this aspect of American fate. The brief observation about "popular culture" has no significant relation to anything else in the novel, and in effect serves merely to indicate that Updike himself is too clever to be entirely taken in by the language that he has given to his character. To allow Ben to follow up on his observation would be to violate an essential complacency.

To note, in passing, the origin of erotically charged language is to be smart; but to ask further questions about it might suggest that something ought to be done to liberate us from, or to make us critical of, an unfortunate susceptibility. But that would be the sort of wishful thinking in which no self-respecting realist can indulge. This satisfied sense of the dominant reality is nicely revealed in the following passage:

> There is a warmth in the proximity of a man who has fucked the same woman you have. It is as if she took off her clothes as a piece of electric news she wished him to bring to you. He has heard the same soft cries, smelled the same stirred-up scent, felt the same compliant slickness, seen the same moonlit swellings and crevices and tufts—it was all in Phil's circuitry, if I could but unload it.... My sexual memories had become epics of a lost heroic age, when I was not impotent and could shoot semen into a woman's wincing face like bullets of milk. Deirdre's flanks in memory had acquired the golden immensity of temple walls rising to a cloudless sky and warmed by an Egyptian sun. Whore though he thought her, a nimbus of her holy heat clung to Phil—his oily black pubic curls had tangled with hers....

We learn from this passage much of what is real to Updike's character. Potency is real, and the loss of potency. Scent and touch and soft cries are real, and an intimacy based upon shared physical sensation. The young man whose "pubic curls had tangled with [Deirdre's]" feels "indignant" when he realizes that "he mattered to [Ben] only as an emanation of our shared cunt," but Ben has no recourse to indignation. For all his thinking, for all his reading, he is only appetite and tropism. Words such as "sacred" and "holy" and "nimbus" are to him an oil to lubricate the passage of sexual energy. His post-operative impotence is affecting because we feel that he is lost without the faculties that are most real and important to him, but Updike does not permit us to forget who and what this man is. A dark, voluptuous, obscene electric charge is carried by the erotically loaded sentences that Ben constructs. We are stirred, but also repelled, by his efforts "to drag with [his] tongue the sweet secret of [a woman's] name out of the granular dark of [his] memory cells." And we wonder at Updike's reluctance to build into the novel any figure who might offer some resistance to Ben, who might be repelled by him as we are repelled.

But the character is most fully revealed in the way he confuses realms, swings wildly between celestial and obscene, worships "the little flesh-knot between the glassy-smooth buttocks visible in moonlight... at just the right celestial

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

angle." All the intermittent talk of celestial angles and tempting white church collars and "the risen Jesus" serves mainly to reveal the speaker's baffled desire for something other than what he knows and has. His is a rhetoric of disappointed love, of an obscuring, unsubstantiated ambivalence. Ben desires epiphany but he subsists on shame. He cultivates a barren, hopelessly repetitive eroticism. ("She was a choice cut of meat and I hoped she held out for a fair price.") Absorbed by the glamours and the corrosions of the flesh, he has not the strength to think through his confusion. Like everything else, it is a given fact of his condition. And Updike has no wish to think it through, either.

What excites Ben Turnbull is not, apparently, a subject fit for moral or psychological criticism. Updike is content to give us creatureliness without ethical dimension. His character refers now and again to transgression or trespass, but he is fundamentally a complacent man, forgiving himself everything, pitying his frailty and his fate, extracting a sensual enjoyment even from his occasional self-lacerations. He counsels the thugs on his property on the ways of the world, advising them to "mention casually" to prospective clients "that [they] would hate to see any of their children kidnapped," and that "if they don't pay up [protection money]" the boys "might think about killing one of their cats." Nor does he beat himself up about his relations with the 14-year-old girl of the gang, whom he visits when the others are away. There are traces of tenderness in their carefully delimited transactions. "She was cool to the touch, surprisingly, and clean-smelling," Ben notes. "Her breasts smelled powdery, like a baby's skull, and her nipples were spherical, like paler, smokier versions of honeysuckle berries." There is nothing in this of Nabokovian decadence or play. The man is merely not a bad guy, and he has no reason not to be tender to a young girl who allows him to place his tongue where he likes.

"She graciously offered to touch me, where I jutted," he goes on, but he had earlier promised the boys "no penetration," and the "hand-job" offered by the sweet young thing "would penetrate my soul." This is as close as we come, in this novel, to "renunciation." But the lapse into soul-fear is without conviction. Ben fears only exposure by his wife, the possible loss of "the island of repetitive safety [he] had carved from the world." His little intoxications are pathetic things, as he well knows. Not for him a full-fledged Dionysian rebellion, any more than a

Increase your hearing range by a factor of at least 10X, with...

PowerVox IV
Only $39.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*

• PowerVox™ *is state-of-the-art in sound amplification. It does for hearing what binoculars do for seeing. It brings everything 10-times closer.* PowerVox™ *is not a medical hearing aid. It is a way for you better to enjoy the world of sounds around you.*

The instructions to the *PowerVox IV* caution you to have the control on "very low" when you first try the instrument. If you do not, it could scare the daylights out of you. The thing is truly astonishing and in a way almost unbelievable until you try it and convince yourself. Put *PowerVox IV* in your shirt pocket or clip it to your belt and realize to your amazement that you can hear whispered conversations up to 50 feet away, a pin drop 10 feet away, and every little sound in your surroundings. A walk through the woods will reveal birds, deer, squirrels and even little crawly things that you never would have known about otherwise. *PowerVox IV* comes with a full complement of attachments: Belt/Pocket Clip and Earphones. The 9-volt battery is included, of course!

We are the exclusive importers of RodelVox electronic instruments and can therefore bring you this startling product for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments — absolutely FREE!*** Hear things you have never heard before, enhance your perception, have more fun at all activities, and increase your range of hearing by a factor of at least 10x. Order your ***PowerVox IV*** by RodelVox today!

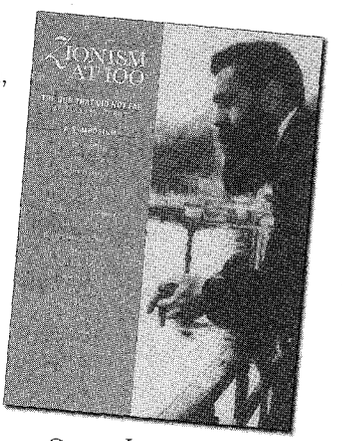
FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 797-7367
24 Hours a Day, 7 days a week.

Please give order **#1050D276** for *PowerVox IV*. We need daytime phone # for all orders. Add $4.95 standard shipping/insurance charge (plus sales tax for California delivery). You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For customer service and wholesale orders, please call Chris Simpson at (415) 543-6675.

since 1967
haverhills®
185 Berry St., San Francisco, CA 94107

AN IMPORTANT PUBLISHING EVENT
Zionism at 100



Reprints of *The New Republic*'s recent symposium, "Zionism at 100," are now available for purchase. Published on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the first Zionist Congress, this commemmorative issue features an interpretative essay by Martin Peretz, editor-in-chief, titled "The God That Did Not Fail," focusing on the successes and complexities of Zionism and how they have changed the character and destiny of the Jewish people. It includes the reflections of Daniel Bell, Leon Botstein, Arthur Hertzberg, Michael Ignatieff, Tony Judt, Charles Krauthammer, David S. Landes, Richard A. Landes, Walter Laqueur, George L. Mosse, Cynthia Ozick, David Pryce-Jones, Michael Walzer, Steven Weinberg, Leon Wieseltier, Ruth R. Wisse and Edward Witten.

Reprints of this symposium are available in bulk:
$3 each plus $3 s/h for up to 50, $2.50 each plus $6 s/h for 51-100, $2 each plus $9 s/h for 100+

Send your order to:
Zionism at 100 Symposium Reprint
The New Republic • 1220 19th Street, NW • Suite 600
Washington, DC 20036 • Phone: 202-331-7494

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crisis of conscience. In the suburbs this *homme moyen sensuel* can savor the acid taste of teenage honeysuckle on his tongue while daydreaming through the sumptuously appointed living room, "a breezy, translucent person, a debonair proprietor."

Toward the End of Time will call to mind earlier novels by Updike, especially *Rabbit at Rest*, with its self-destructive, relentlessly unappetizing protagonist Harry Angstrom. Like Ben Turnbull, Rabbit regards few things as "his problem" and accepts that he "never was that great" as father or husband. Both characters are unapologetic womanizers. In part an emblem of his society, Rabbit sees that in his America—as in the America of 2020—"everything [is] falling apart," and though—like Ben Turnbull—he is at least mildly interested in many things, from science to history, he is resolutely unamenable to improvement or edification. Rabbit—like Ben—wins a modest claim on our sympathy principally by confronting premonitions of death, by acknowledging "something more ominous and intimately his: his own death...." Ben is a more articulate person than Rabbit, less of a slob, but Updike grants him no greater portion of grace and discovers in his failings fewer occasions for satire or merriment.

Toward the End of Time is a simpler and less attractive book than *Rabbit at Rest*. For it is defiantly not a book about anything remediable, or about the way we live now. For all of its technical beauties, its proficiencies of diction and syntax, Updike's new novel is especially disheartening in its specious and half-hearted attempt to situate its private malaise in the aftermath of a terrible historical catastrophe. The book is not only indifferent to history, it exploits history. It uses the moral and historical grandeur of a world war to promote its cranky local obsessions to a level of universality and interest that they do not deserve. The near-destruction of the world notwithstanding, *Toward the End of Time* is just the familiar Updikean dystopia. The war in this book is an empty device, and spiritual exhaustion is written all over its pages.

There is in Ben Turnbull, as also in Updike's other characters here, no possibility of growth, and what passes for redemption is at most an activity of consciousness for which genuine advance is reducible to mechanical invention. The novel's easy acceptance of a long cosmic view—the "silently clamorous, imperiously silver and pure" rotation of the stars—merely flattens every prospect of judgment, penance, reconciliation, and change, and reduces it to triviality and illusion. In Updike, the words "transcendent" and "trust" and "virtue" have never before seemed so frivolous. The book seems a reflex of frustration and bitterness. To mistake one's own spiritual condition for the final measure of reality, to confuse one's own aggrieved, attenuated shadow on the wall with being itself in all its variety, is to offer a terribly impoverished version of experience. The wonder of it is that Updike, brilliant as ever in evoking the profusion of surface life, in making palpable what he once called "the skin of a living present," seeks here only to distract us from the essential demoralization, the sense of nullity that holds even the novel's most vivid particulars firmly in its grip.

ROBERT BOYERS is Tisch Professor of Arts and Letters at Skidmore College and editor of *Salmagundi*.

As We Lay Dying

BY JOHN W. KRAKAUER

The Measure of Our Days: New Beginnings at Life's End by Jerome Groopman

(Viking, 238 pp., $23.95)

Contemporary life is thick with debate on euthanasia, abortion, and the death penalty. We are flooded with images of suffering and death: distant famines, random violence, and (the special contribution of the end of our century) AIDS. But this continuous exposure to death is mostly indirect. For this reason, it is interesting and necessary to ask what it is that doctors and their dying patients know that other people do not. Are physicians in possession of wisdom, of a philosophy of death and dying? Or is all their bedside soothing of the ill and the mortal devoid of a seriously considered intellectual underpinning?

Jerome Groopman, an eminent academic immunologist and practicing physician at Harvard University, has written a thoughtful and impassioned book about the complex terrain that must be negotiated between the physician and the dying patient. In a time of increasing hostility to doctors, it is useful to have a book that shows just how hard and yet gratifying it is to be one. Groopman treats patients with cancer and AIDS, thus exposing himself to some of the most tragic experiences in medicine. His book tells the stories of eight patients. It is to his credit that the cumulative effect of reading each individual case is not a blurring of their particularity into an abstract sadness, but a growing appreciation of the vast amount of finely differentiated caring that is being described. At one point Groopman remarks that life is more complicated than our beliefs. It cannot be overstated how well he manages to convey this numerous times throughout these narratives.

Groopman's book is rich in practical compassion (though its stabs at metaphysics are rather thin). He is a physician with great emotional courage. This courage is apparent in his refusal to indulge in easy forms of empathy. He prefers instead to take some of the weight of suffering on himself. With rare perceptiveness, Groopman manages to capture the sudden plunges and upturns that occur on a minute-to-minute basis in the encounter between the physician and the patient.

Consider one of the cases that he portrays. Cindy, a young woman with AIDS, wants to be a mother. Groopman, her doctor, plots the oscillations in his response to this desire. "Do you think I'll ever be able to have children?" He answers with a salvo of coldly presented clinical options related with obvious disapproval, while confiding to us that before he did so, "I felt the pain of a life's dream denied. It was so intense that I sat speechless for several moments. Ineptly, I responded as a professional rather than the friend she needed."

But he was not at all inept. The often troubled dialectic between friendship and professionalism lies at the heart of doctoring, and its deep difficulty will not be conveyed better than it is in this book. A little later in the encounter, Cindy's attention drifts and Groopman asks: "Should I explain something more clearly?" "No, you were clear. I actually did some background reading about how the virus is passed from mother to child before I came up. I anticipated your answers. It was just that I was think-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing how different men are from women. You sounded so factual, so *clinical.*" The session ends in tears.

Groopman then retrospectively gives the reasons behind his handling of the encounter. He tells us he was employing the "protective mechanism we learn in medical training to keep our emotions at bay in order to function effectively, to make sound decisions, take appropriate action, offer sober advice. Perhaps my love of my own children and my fondness for Cindy also made her case particularly disturbing, and I had withdrawn my heart from the discussion to protect it." This, certainly, is too much explanation. And it is not precise to suggest that physicians are explicitly trained to deploy a protective mechanism against too much emotional involvement.

The Measure of Our Days splendidly conveys the sheer multiplicity of considerations, scientific and humanistic, that a physician must take into account when caring for the sick. The science of medicine is incorporated into Groopman's account seamlessly, if a little haphazardly. Groopman is very good at capturing the essence of doctoring:

> That is the simple truth of medicine: the inexact nature of biological events and their treatments means there is an element of mystery to the process of cure. Until the very last second, you remain vigilant and worried that the life of the patient may be wrenched from your hands.

The professionalism of the physician is apparent in his learned ability to be present in the face of another's despair and to alleviate it, if only a little. There are numerous instances in which Groopman describes a gesture or a phrase carefully chosen to calm a terrified patient or to console a grief-struck relative. These moments of raw *and* nuanced psychology make this a book to admire.

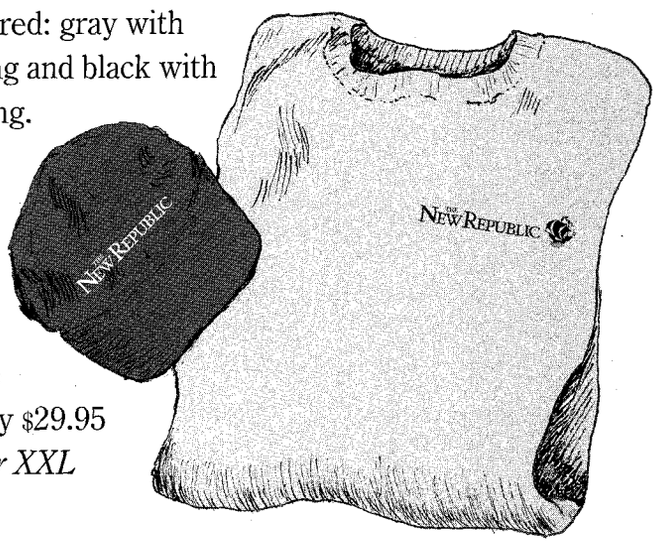
There is a moment early in the book, for example, when Kirk, a business executive with advanced renal cancer, is sitting upright in his hospital bed, unable to sleep on the eve of beginning chemotherapy. Groopman offers a sleeping pill:

> Kirk vigorously shook his head no. I saw his hand begin to tremble, and reached for it, noting its cool, clammy texture despite the blankets that were pulled around him and the warmth of the room. We sat together without speaking. I surmised from experience with other patients why he resisted sleep.
>
> "Are you thinking you could die tonight?"
>
> Kirk pursed his lips tightly, containing his emotion. I gripped his hand more tightly, as if to impart to him some of the energy and security that came from my health.

GEAR UP WITH THE NEW REPUBLIC

THE NEW REPUBLIC is proud to present the latest in casual apparel: THE NEW REPUBLIC sweatshirt and baseball cap.

This heavyweight sweatshirt is fashioned from the choicest 95% cotton/5% polyester blend and custom embroidered with our logo. Two color combinations are offered: gray with black stitching and black with white stitching. Available in adult sizes L, XL, and XXL, this crewneck fleece can be yours for only $29.95 (*add $3.50 for XXL sizes*).



THE NEW REPUBLIC baseball hat—made from a soft 100% brushed cotton twill—comes in black with our logo custom embroidered in crisp white. At just $14.95, this cap will become the perfect accessory to your casual wardrobe.

High quality, superior sportswear, designed for comfort and made to live in. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order yours today!

Name_____
Phone_____
Shipping Address_____
City_____ State____ Zip____

To order, call toll-free
1-800-875-9151
(Monday-Friday, 9-5 EST)

Sweatshirt(s):
Quantity _____
Size _____
Color _____
Subtotal _____

Baseball Cap(s):
Quantity _____
Subtotal _____

Add $3.25 per item for first class shipping & handling
Grand Total _____

If using Visa, MC or AMEX (circle one), please provide the following information:
Account Number_____ Expiration Date_____
Signature_____

Mail this form along with check or money order made payable to THE NEW REPUBLIC, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Suite 600, Washington, D.C. 20036. Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reunion

The train pulls into a small station
in the early morning. From my upper
berth, I can see we are on the prairie.

The rails do not meet at the horizon.
"Death was instantaneous," someone says,
and how could it be otherwise, unless

it is forever figured in everything
I can see to the horizon, plus
everything I can see in every horizon

afterwards. I'm not a farmer,
but the grain looks ready for harvest—
bushels and silos, the emotional life.

Doesn't it always? Look ready,
that is—which is why I know these people
milling about the platform and why

a hardened rail runs through our lives,
forwards and backwards, and when we
arrive where we started, it's a leafy

eastern suburban accumulation
of the good life, as strange as China,
and as familiar as the home we always

wanted. In the instant the train pulls out,
the horizon changes, is changed, we change,
and the grain wavers in its expected way.

Ross Leckie

This is the doctor-patient relationship in all its power, late at night under the impersonal glare of hospital lighting, with loneliness and fear countered by a human touch and a humane word. Groopman's question may seem simple, but it is masterful.

In the chapter called "Matt," another physician, Dr. Marv Samuels, has to inform a parent that his son has leukemia. This is what Groopman has to say about imparting devastating news:

> I have stood countless times, as Marv Samuels did that day, looking into the faces of a family and telling them that their loved one has cancer. You steel yourself for the moment. You lock tightly within your heart the pain that comes with your knowledge of the reality of the disease, its devastation of body and spirit. You block from your mind's eye the projected images of months of torturous chemotherapy that lie ahead. You calm your face and maintain a firm voice, so that while you tell the family the truth, that the disease is aggressive and its treatment toxic, you simultaneously assert another truth, that there is a chance, a real chance, that the cancer can be defeated and the loved one saved. With this compassionate but determined show of force, you prevent the family and the patient from being overwhelmed by the ferocious surprise attack of illness.

The last chapter of the book is the best. Elliott, a very close friend of Groopman's, was diagnosed with T-cell lymphoma and then, after enduring the savage side effects of chemotherapy and going into remission, developed treatment-related leukemia. The maelstrom of considerations that swirled in Groopman's mind throughout Elliott's ordeal are conveyed with the same honesty and conviction as in previous chapters, but here something altogether more rare is shining through. Groopman patrolled the very perimeter of his self in guiding Elliott through two devastating cancers. At one point he says: "[I] wondered again if my experience of Elliott's illness was teaching me my limits." He had to be the strong one, even though reeling from the anguish of holding the ultimate responsibility for someone he loved, and in whom he recognized too much of himself.

There is a point in the chapter when Groopman, dazed with grief, has to tell Elliott that he has developed a second cancer, leukemia. After hearing what his doctor and friend has to say about the treatment of the leukemia, Elliott asks, "What is your *choosh*, your sense, Jerry? Am I going to live?" (*Choosh* is Hebrew for "sense" or "feeling.") Groopman goes on:

> I paused, not expecting to have a *choosh* but an *opinion* as a sober clinician, one drawn from weighing the factors that went in his favor and those that did not. But within me I had *felt*, not calculated, a reply. "My *choosh* is good. I believe you will make it, that you're going to live."
>
> I stood in my chair and hugged him tightly, tears now streaming down both our cheeks. I wondered if I had gone mad, whether the anticipated pain and loss from imagining his death was so great that, after I rebounded from the numbing shock of the news, my rationality had collapsed and I was retreating into delusion. Who was I to be a prophet, to have extrasensory perception? What did my *choosh* mean in clinical reality? Was I indulging myself and my closest friend in a convenient lie? But it was not a lie. I had felt it, clearly and strongly.

This is moving. It is also fascinating, because what Groopman sensed was the way in which he should answer the question. I cannot believe that he had a premonition, a vision, of Elliott's eventual recovery, and his implication that he did is a step too far into the realms of intuition and mysticism. It will always be tempting to detect a transcendent quality in moments of great emotional intensity, but I would venture that there is never any greater significance to someone's suffering than the immediacy of the event itself.

Ruminations into the past and the future help only in that they distract. Medical competence aside, the key to helping a patient is to be curious about the life that they had before they became ill, and to work hard to know them. In this way it may be possible to predict when they are going to need you the most. Medical schools and medical journals endlessly exhort physicians to have a little more soul, and not be mere slaves to technology. This is altogether unimpeachable advice; but often it bears little relation to the real challenge of saying the right thing at the bedside.

In his prologue, Groopman writes that "I am also a person who views life in deeply spiritual terms. I perceive in the intricacy and beauty of science the wonder and gifts of God. I see in the patient's struggle to reclaim and reconstruct his life a process that enhances the sanctity of that life." When Groopman strays from the details, he comes perilously close to being corny. Later, in thinking about nothingness, and about his own dying, Groopman writes that "the unknown then might be understood not as a terror but as a comfort, because it held within it the possibility that I would be reunited with those that I loved who were gone, in some form and in some dimension, and that I might be linked, like my father, through memory with those I would leave behind." I myself cannot believe that the annihilation of death is going to be alleviated by such speculations.

There is a little too much of the journey in Groopman's book, a little too much of his own interest in coaxing pathos, and a philosophy of life, from stories whose sadness does not need to be enhanced. It is important to remember that compassion is local and practical. And metaphysical and spiritual considerations may serve sometimes to dilute compassion.

Still, they have not had this consequence in Groopman's case. *The Measure of Our Days* is a book that everyone should read. Physicians will benefit from Groopman's book greatly; and sooner or later we will all be patients. Francis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bacon once wrote that "men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other." Groopman's stories do not increase our fear of death, but they will make us think more about it. They will surely make us more aware of the thoughts and the feelings of the sick and the dying; and if they make us that much more determined to make a daily visit to a friend in the hospital, they will have done a great moral and intellectual service.

JOHN W. KRAKAUER is a doctor who teaches at the the Neurological Institute, Columbia University.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 5*

Disadvantage" (October 13). I have read and admired his work for a long time. But I was sorry to note, in his concluding paragraphs, that he draws from the consideration of social influences on economic advancement justification for racial preferences in the selection of students.

So many otherwise thoughtful and tough-minded people seem to forget that most poor people in this country are white. The vast majority of white children are not from "upper-middle-class" families who send them to "exclusive private academies." I share your belief that test scores or other narrowly meritocratic means of selection should not be held sacrosanct. Race should not be the basis of preference. There is much to be said for an admission policy which reserves some places for students who appear to have qualities not fully revealed by tests. This, however, is true for many white and black students. Fairness and even-handed treatment is, in the end, the ultimate safeguard of a decent society.

ELEANOR P. WOLF
Lake Orion, Michigan

Harassed

To the editors:

The Scientology religion, which was founded by L. Ron Hubbard, is just that: a religion. Courts, government agencies, and dozens of preeminent scholars in countries around the world have so concluded after thorough and objective studies; a process that is obviously foreign to the author of your "Notebook" item ("L. Ron Clinton," October 13).

Unfortunately, the German government has turned Scientologists, as well as members of other minority religions, into modern-day "niggers" who are officially harassed, ostracized, and persecuted not because of anything they have done but for the color of their beliefs. There is no separation of church and state in Germany. The state-financed German Catholic and Lutheran churches have a free hand to abuse the power of the state to maintain their religious monopoly.

Fortunately, our Founding Fathers understood all too well how government-sanctioned and -supported churches can use the terrible power of the state to erode democracy and destroy personal freedoms. To protect us, they gave Americans the First Amendment. Perhaps TNR should try promoting that rather than the Brand-X democracy of the German government.

ALEXANDER R. JONES
Church of Scientology International
Washington, D.C.

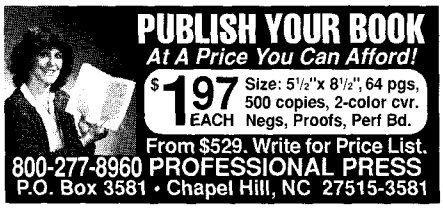
TRB *continued from page 6*

may be $1.4 billion too little.) And it affects working poor families who now have to compete for that subsidized child care with former welfare recipients. It's also true that some people at all income levels have trouble finding places in day-care centers for very young infants. (My vote for addressing that shortage is not to expand day care but to expand the Family and Medical Leave Act—and adopt whatever other policies would help—to allow for longer maternity leaves.) For the majority of middle- and upper-middle class consumers, though, the quantity of available day care isn't nearly such an issue. In many cities with large immigrant populations, for example, people who advertise for a nanny are likely to be inundated with calls. For those who can afford it, the market in day care has grown to meet the rise in demand.

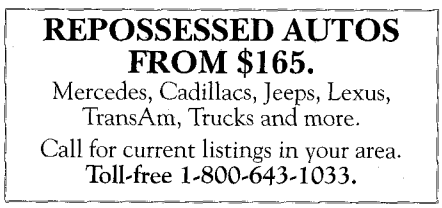
In fact, the economics of day care are complex enough that even a relatively straightforward intervention can have unintended consequences for some consumers. Consider, for example, one of the most persuasive points made again and again at the conference: day-care workers are inadequately paid. On average, those employed by child-care centers make $6.89 an hour, which means that turnover is higher than it is in most other lines of work. That can be harmful to young kids, who need to form secure attachments to their parental stand-ins.

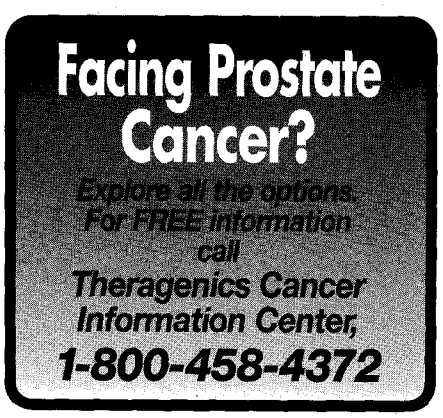
But the obstacles to raising wages are more formidable than they might seem. For one thing, there is competition from the vast informal sector of the child-care market. Only about 30 percent of preschool-aged children with working parents are looked after in day-care centers; the other 70 percent are cared for under various arrangements, including family day care in someone else's home, nannies, and relatives. And many parents who choose these informal arrangements do so not only because they prefer a home-like environment, but because the cost is lower, according to David Blau, an economist at the University of North Carolina who has studied the day-care market. There is a great reserve army of (mostly) women willing to do child care for low wages because it provides them with nonmonetary benefits—like working in their home where they can take care of their own children, too—and that tends to depress wages in the formal sector. "You have this basic conundrum," says Blau. "Advocates for child care would like to see the earnings of child-care workers increase and their work professionalized, but doing so would increase the cost of child care." That would hurt low-income parents most of all. Hillary Clinton says she's wary of a "one-size-fits-all approach" to child care. It's an obvious point, but given the problem at hand, a wise one.

MARGARET TALBOT


PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$197 EACH
Size: 5½"x 8½", 64 pgs, 500 copies, 2-color cvr. Negs, Proofs, Perf Bd.
From $529. Write for Price List.
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

ELIMINATE Mice, Rats, Roaches, Bats, Fleas, Spiders and other pests. Delivers an electronic signal, inaudible to you and your pets. Critters leave your home in just two weeks, never to return. Protects up to 2,500 Sq. Feet.
PEST FREE, BUY NOW, ONLY $49.95,
FREE SHIPPING 30 Day Refund
Credit Card Orders: 1-800-643-1033 or FAX:
706-327-1031 ANU MERCHANDISE, Est. 1987


REPOSSESSED AUTOS
FROM $165.
Mercedes, Cadillacs, Jeeps, Lexus, TransAm, Trucks and more.
Call for current listings in your area.
Toll-free 1-800-643-1033.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

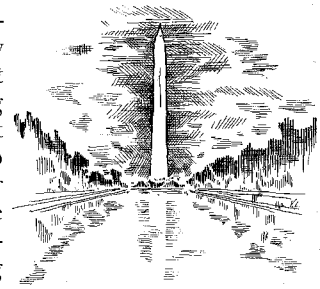
WASHINGTON DIARIST

Home base

THE FLORIDA MARLINS THREW OUT their first pitch in 1993, five years after I moved away from Fort Lauderdale to attend college. I had no connection to the team then, nor do I now. I've attended only one Marlins game in my life, and I spent most of it in the stadium bathroom with a four-year-old nephew, answering the kind of questions only a four-year-old would ask. (He wanted to know why the toilet water was blue; I told him the Marlins dyed it that way to match their uniforms.) So while I was excited to see my "home" team win the World Series last Sunday, I also felt pangs of—how shall I put it?—ambivalence. And while I strutted around the office on Monday, wearing a Marlins shirt and accepting the congratulations of my colleagues, deep down I knew I wasn't really entitled. The Marlins aren't really my team, and South Florida isn't really my community.

FORENSICALLY SPEAKING, I'M NOT "from" South Florida. I was born in Philadelphia; I've spent more years in Boston (two when I was very young, eight more beginning with college) than anywhere else. But I call Fort Lauderdale home because it is where I spent the bulk of my boyhood, and by Floridian standards that practically makes me a native. Miami and Fort Lauderdale are essentially refugee enclaves: some of the refugees came from Latin America, seeking relief from tyranny; others, like my parents and grandparents, came from Brooklyn, seeking relief from Brooklyn. Each group speaks with a foreign tongue. (Bilingualism came to Miami the day Henry Flagler built a railroad to bring winter-weary New Yorkers south.) And each has come to the same conclusion about South Florida: it's a nice place to spend the rest of your life, but you wouldn't want to live there.

THE POPULAR IMAGE OF SOUTH Florida emphasizes the region's exoticism: the outlandish fashions, the macabre crimes, the mélange of cultures; the paganism, the hedonism, the capitalism. But South Florida is predominantly a suburban place, and save for the tropical adornments—palm trees and a pastel neon skyline—the landscape looks pretty much like any other sprawling Sunbelt community. The South Florida I know best isn't as gripping as a "Miami Vice" rerun or as quirky as Dave Barry. It is just another landscape of Sheetrock strip malls and screened-in patios, of congested eight-lane highways and mediocre Chinese food. There is construction everywhere: as my father used to say, the sun never sets on the cement mixer in Florida. In the brief span of my life there, several small cities morphed from swampy boondocks to high-rise boomtowns to inner-city busts. There is constant building and there is also constant rebuilding. South Florida is forever reinventing South Florida.



YET EVEN TRANSIENTS need some symbol of belonging, and like many South Floridians I found it in the local team. During my childhood, that meant the Miami Dolphins, who until 1987 played their home games in the Orange Bowl—a decrepit, overcrowded dish of rusting steel whose lone virtue was to provide the region's best setting (maybe its only setting) for the casual mixing of races and classes. The Dolphins were the closest thing Miami had to an ancient institution: the team traced its lineage all the way back to 1966! The more removed from Florida I became, the more I clung to the team, even if it meant no more than using a T-shirt as an instrument of identity. Even today, I try to cluster my visits during football season, much to the consternation of my parents, who would like to think that they are the local team that commands my most fervent allegiance.

BUT NOTHING LIKE THAT IS POSSIble with the Marlins. If the Dolphins represent a rare example of Floridian permanence, the Marlins embody the region's ephemeral character. The championship roster that triumphed last week included just two players who had been on the team five years ago, when the expansion club first began playing at what was then called Joe Robbie Stadium, after the Dolphins' former owner, but is now known as Pro Player Stadium, after an apparel company that simply paid for the right to put its name on the building. (Tacky, I know, but it could have been worse: Pro Player is a licensed subsidiary of Fruit of the Loom.) To be sure, the Marlins' transient roster—like the stadium sponsorship—is typical of baseball today. A few weeks ago, *The New York Times Magazine* ran a portrait of every Major Leaguer who had played for the same team over the last decade. There were just 15 ballplayers in the picture. Yet it took a South Floridian—Marlins' owner H. Wayne Huizenga—to deliver this trend to its reductio ad absurdum. Huizenga is no stranger to change. He has built, run, and sold two separate corporate empires in the last 20 years. So when he set out to build a champion, he did it by forking over $80 million to lure baseball's best free agents. At the time, naysayers said his team would lack chemistry, that you can't build a championship squad simply by buying up all the talent. Obviously, Wayne knows something about baseball traditionalists don't.

ALAS, IN SOUTH FLORIDA, EVEN A championship baseball team can't last. There will be no Marlins dynasty: Wayne has had his fun, and now he's selling his asset. It's not clear who will buy it, but chances are the new ownership will trim the Marlins' heavy payroll. Huizenga says that to make the team profitable, total salaries must come down to something near $20 million, unless, of course, the city will build a new, retractable-dome, baseball-only stadium, in which case he'd consider holding on to the franchise. Obviously Wayne knows a little something about pressure tactics, too. Jim Leyland, the highly talented Marlins' manager who arrived just this year, is rumored to be contemplating a move to another team, or retirement—but not in South Florida.

IT USED TO BE THAT THE DRIFTERS in America were at the bottom of the social ladder. Now they're at the top. There is, of course, an upside to such volatility: it has allowed at least some ethnic communities to flourish in a way that would be impossible in cities with older traditions—or more deeply rooted prejudices. When Marlins' rookie Livan Hernandez—a 22-year-old Cuban defector—accepted the award as the Series' Most Valuable Player, he used a translator to address the fans. But the cheers followed his own Spanish, not the translator's delayed English. South Florida's Anglo community has always feared that the influx of Hispanic immigrants would forever change the city's character, and, of course, it has. But is the change really something to fear? Many Cuban-Americans born in this country would rather not return to the island. They really are *from* Florida. If that holds, and if the sons and daughters of other refugees—even the huddled masses from New York—really plant roots, then I think South Florida's future may finally live up to the hype of its past. And then it might be the kind of place worth calling home.

JONATHAN COHN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BECAUSE WE'LL RECYCLE OVER 200 MILLION PLASTIC BOTTLES THIS YEAR, LANDFILLS CAN BE FILLED WITH OTHER THINGS. LIKE LAND, FOR INSTANCE.

We can't make more land. But we can do more to protect what we have. In fact, this year Phillips Petroleum's plastics recycling plant will process over 200 million containers. This effort will help reduce landfill waste and conserve natural resources. And that will leave another little corner of the world all alone. At Phillips, that's what it means to be The Performance Company.

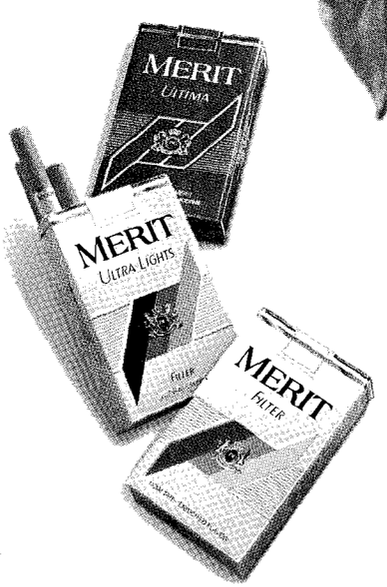
PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

For an annual report on Phillips' health, environmental and safety performance, write to: HES Report, 16 A1 PB, Bartlesville, OK 74004 or visit us at www.phillips66.com.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can switch down
to lower tar
and enjoy smooth,
satisfying taste.

Got that right!



You've got MERIT

© Philip Morris Inc. 1997

Ultima: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: 5 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine—Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED